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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Seeress of Prevorst; Communicated by Justinus Kerner, Chief Physician at Weinsberg. From the German, by Mrs. Crowe, author of "Susan Hopley." &c. &c. Small, 8vo, pp. 338. London, J. C. Moore.

THESE are "revelations concerning the inner-life of man and the inter-diffusion of a world of spirits in the one we inhabit;" and now we have something to tell our readers which they never knew before, and which we flatter ourselves will astonish their weak minds! And the names on the title-page, though we are not going to pluck a Crowe, seem to augur the surprising insight of the book and the yet more surprising views which it affords of the supernatural,—for the facts illuminating the former are communicated by a learned Doctor *Just in Us*, and the latter rest on the indisputable authority of the publisher, *I see More*.

Thus established, it is no use being sceptical about these matters, which throw poor Miss Martineau, and all the stupid senseless fuss made about her dreamy nothings, utterly into the shade. When we discuss these, therefore, it is time spent on high ultra-philosophy, not upon ingenious waiting-maids playing silly tricks upon credulous mistresses; and when we separate our inner-man from the inter-diffusion of spirits (be they brandy, rum, hollands, whisky, or gin), let it be understood that we are perfectly sober, and applying ourselves to themes far above even the most drunken comprehension.

But, first, our friends may wish to ask us what a SEERESS is? Well, then, it is a woman, whom the Germans (a singularly unbelieving and matter-of-fact people, abhorrent of mysticism) call *Seherin*, one who can see much farther into a millstone than the miller himself, and who truly out-mesmers Mesmer to a degree beyond the capacity of that eminent soothsayer and all his followers (be they believers or impostors, philosophers or charlatans) to conceive. Mrs. Crowe, with the genuine and natural partiality for her original, apprehends "that many of the extraordinary phenomena recorded by Kerner will not find very general credence in England: but to the believers in clairvoyance, the book will have a deep interest— whilst, to the larger class, who are not yet prepared to yield faith to its wonders, she should imagine that the facts would still be considered well worthy of attention, both in a physiological and a psychological point of view. I say, facts; because I cannot conceive the possibility of any candid mind doubting the greatest number of them, after reading the book; or of such an one entertaining a suspicion of imposture on the part either of physician or patient."

She vouches for the good faith of Doctor Just in Us, and yet with infinite simplicity and candour acknowledges that "although I confess I should be very sorry myself to be one of the many who, I am aware, will receive these alleged facts with contempt and derision, I do not deny that the question, whether the apparitions were subjective or objective—projections of the nervous system, or actually external appearances—is one which can only, if ever,

be definitively answered by the exhibition of repeated phenomena of the same description."

One Cock-Lane ghost is not indeed enough; but the German accumulation here must carry conviction to the most bigoted unbeliever. The introduction paves the road to the desired credibility by running over a few dozens of the authenticated cases of antiquity, and proving beyond a question that the soul can abandon the body to external pain or torture, and retire as the French say *chez nous* to the unconscious innermost sphere of its inner life, where, as in sleep-waking, it luxuriates in clairvoyance, and the gifts of foreknowledge and prophecy. The Maid of Orleans, it appears, was a Seherin; but the Seeress of Prevorst, though she did not act so high a part in history, saw ten thousand times more than ever she saw.

She was born in 1801 in a mountain-district, whereabouts "a sort of St. Vitus's dance becomes epidemic, chiefly amongst young people, so that all the children of the place are seized with it at the same time. Like persons in a magnetic state, they are aware of the precise moment that a fit will seize them; and if they are in the fields when the paroxysm is approaching, they hasten home, and immediately fall into a convulsion, in which condition they will move, for an hour or more, with the most surprising regularity, keeping measure like an accomplished dancer; after which they frequently awake as out of a magnetic sleep, without any recollection of what has happened. It is also certain, that these mountaineers are peculiarly sensible to magnetic influences, amongst the evidences of which are, their susceptibility to sympathetic remedies, and their power of discovering springs by means of the divining rod."

From among these disciples of the ancient Perrot, denominated St. Vitus (who, we believe, could for any kind of pas, piroquette, or movement beat the whole modern ballet, St. Leons, Grisis, Ceritos, and Grahns, to ribbons), Frederica Hauffe, the daughter of a game-keeper, speedily singled herself out for more extraordinary capers. She emerged from the proper state of vulgar life, and unfolded herself a splendid butterfly—unintelligible to the commonplace world around. She was sent from the air-inspiring St. Vitusism to a lower locality, where she took up her abode with her grandfather; but the change produced only a change in the nature of her supernature, for old Schmidgall (that was his name), "soon observed, that when the child accompanied him in his walks through solitary places, though she was skipping ever so gaily by his side, at certain spots a kind of seriousness and shuddering seemed to seize upon her, which, for a long time, he could not comprehend [stupid old fellow!]. He also observed that she experienced the same sensations in churchyards, and in churches where there were graves; and that, in such churches, she could never remain below, but was obliged to go to the galleries. But to the grandfather a still more suspicious circumstance than this sensibility to the neighbourhood of dead bodies, metals, &c. &c., was the fact, that it was accompanied by a consciousness of the presence of spirits. Thus, there was an apartment in the Castle of Löwenstein—an old

kitchen—which she could never look into or enter without being much disturbed. In the very same place, some years afterwards, the spectre of a woman was, to her great horror, seen by a lady, who had never been informed of the sensations experienced by the child. To the great regret of her family, this sensibility to spiritual influences, imperceptible to others, soon became too evident; and the first appearance of a spectre to the young girl was in her grandfather's house."

The physical at this period is finely preparatory for the future:

"These serious but lamentable endowments, however, made no difference in the childlike life of the young girl: she was the most joyous amongst her companions; although a remarkable sensibility in the nerves of the eye (without the least inflammation), which continued for a whole year, and which was, perhaps, the preparation for seeing things invisible to ordinary eyes—a development of the spiritual eye within the fleshly—confined her to her chamber for a considerable time."

"Mind your eye," (as boys at play are apt to cry) may probably have originated in a sensibility of this sort; but it is no matter. In the present instance the Seherin's sensibility, Dr. Just in Us assures us, was confined to her eyes; for "in spite of all the falsehoods that have been propagated on the subject, it is positively certain, that even at that age which is most susceptible of such emotions, she never formed any attachment, nor ever suffered from disappointed affection."

And even more, as I see More prints it, when Dr. Bretten was called in to her:

"After he had laid his hands on her she became calm, and slept for some hours. Some internal remedies and a bath were prescribed for her, but the spasms returned in the night, and, for eighteen weeks, she was attacked by them from twice to five or six times a-day. At the same time that she was attacked by these spasms, her grandmother, of Löwenstein, appeared to her at night, standing by her bedside, and silently looking at her. Three days after she was informed of the death of that lady, who had expired on that very night. From that time, she frequently in her sleep alluded to the presence of her grandmother, and she afterwards recognised her as her protecting spirit. It was at this period, also, that, in a dream, she described some machine, and the mode of its construction, which was to be the instrument of her restoration; she drew the figure of it upon paper, but no attention was paid to this intimation. All the remedies that were tried proving inefficacious, the physician had recourse to magnetic passes, which for a time relieved the spasms. Whereupon slanderous reports were circulated by people who took a prejudiced view of her case, and who had heard that in her agony she frequently called aloud for this man, and that he alone could give her relief. She was informed of this circumstance; but, strong in her innocence, she listened to it with unconcern, as she did afterwards to the ill-natured gossip of her own sex, and all the scandal of which the world made her the victim."

Nasty, scandalous, slanderous, suspicious,

calumnious world! Vide the right and virtuous issue, in which her trusting husband cordially acquiesced:

"Homoeopathic treatment was then for some time resorted to with success; and soon afterwards she found herself for the first time in the family-way—a circumstance from which great hopes of benefit to her health were entertained. During the period that she was *eniente*, the dream that she had had some time before was fulfilled."

Soon after this she became more and more exalted above humanity.

"At one time, she spoke for three days only in verse; and at another, she saw for the same period nothing but a ball of fire, that ran through her whole body as if on thin bright threads. Then for three days she felt as if water was falling on her head, drop by drop; and it was at this time that she first saw her own image. She saw it clad in white, seated on a stool, whilst she was lying in bed. She contemplated the vision for some time, and would have cried out, but could not. At length she made herself heard, and on the entrance of her husband it disappeared."

It was well the poor man escaped bigamy. But she proceeds: "About this time, for seven days, at seven o'clock in the evening, she felt she was magnetised by a spirit, which was visible only to herself. In this spirit she recognised her grandmother, who magnetised her with three fingers outspread like rays, the passes being directed to the epigastric region. It is an incomprehensible circumstance, though believed by many trustworthy persons, that during this period, artists whose near neighbourhood to her was injurious, were removed by an unseen hand; such objects,—a silver spoon, for example,—would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid on a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency."

"The gift of ghost-seeing, which Mrs. H— had from her childhood, was in the mean time constantly developing itself." And two instances, the most remarkable,—if any ghost can be more remarkable than any other,—are detailed at full length in the second part of the volume. "She was now never thoroughly awake; her voice was shrill; she spoke high German, and a strange language, which she also wrote, and which she called her inner tongue."—Bless the woman with two!

Then a man gave her a powder and an amulet, and, "strange to say, at this time, the amulet that he gave her would occasionally, of its own accord, untouched by any one, run about her head, breast, and bed-covering, like a living thing, so that they had to pick it up from the floor and restore it to her. This incredible circumstance happened in the presence of many trustworthy witnesses, who testify to the fact. She wore this amulet on her back for a quarter of a year. When she was committed to my care, I examined it, and found it to contain *asafoetida*, *sabina*, *cyanus*, two *stramonium* seeds, a small magnet, and a piece of paper, on which was written these words—"The Son of God came to destroy the works of the devil!"

"From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible; and, whilst in this state, she was more a spirit than a being of mortal mould. Should we compare her to a human being, we should rather say that she was in the state of one who, hovering between life and death, belonged rather to the world he was about to visit than the one he was going to

leave. This is not merely a poetical expression, but literally true. We know that men, in the moment of death, have often glimpses of the other world, and evince their knowledge of it. We see that a spirit partially leaves the body before it has wholly shaken off its earthly husk. Could we thus maintain any one for years in the condition of a dying person, we should have the exact representation of Mrs. H—'s condition. And this is not the language of fiction, but of simple truth." This is one grand secret; only keep people mesmerically dying for a year or two, and they will see much more than has been accorded to miserable starving wretches who have submitted to this fate in the ordinary way, and never said a word about magnetic dinners or mesmeric suppers. The subject should be immediately brought before the Poor Law Commissioners, and transfused into every union workhouse. But pass we on, without a passport, to other marvels.

"When Mrs. H— looked into the right eye of a person, she saw, behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own nor that of the person in whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner-self. In many persons this internal image appeared more earnest than the external, or the reverse: it bespoke the character of the person; but, with many, it was more beautiful and pure than the other. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed—whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere—and prescribed for it. In my left eye she saw prescriptions for herself; and in that of a man who had only a left eye she saw both his inward malady and the image of his inner man. In the right eye of an animal—as a dog or a fowl—she saw a blue flame—doubtless its immortal part, or soul. Of which Schubert observes, 'That we often see in the eyes of an animal glimpses of a hidden secret world, as through a door, uniting the other world with this; and there frequently appears in the eyes of dying animals, uselessly slain or tortured by the hand of man, a gleam of deep self-consciousness, which is prepared to bear witness against us in the other world.' She said that it was not with her fleshly, but with her spiritual eye which lay beneath it, that she saw this second image in the eyes of others, and also discerned spirits."

"Mind your eyes" again, schoolboys, or girls either, at high romps. But the Seherin:—

"If we wished her to recall dreams which she had forgotten, it was only necessary to make her look at a soap-bubble, and her memory of them immediately returned. She often saw persons that were about to arrive at the house, in a glass of water."

Shakspeare, who was a wonderful fellow for clairvoyance, must have foreseen this when he wrote—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath."

Yet, notwithstanding the rather unusual cast of her eyes, the Seeress saw rather better with the pit of her stomach; and when she was in a studious humour, she would lay letters or books thereon, and read away, whilst she was employing her eyes for other purposes. We wish we could do the same; but we have laid her book on our epigastric region, and found we could not retrieve it even *pit*-fully from that region.

Most folks may remember Cervantes' story of the two famous wine-tasters, one of whom detected a flavour of leather, and the other of iron, in the wine-cask, which turned out to be a very small key with a very small thong; but they were donkeys to the Seherin. "One night that she slept in my house, in a lower

story, she dreamt that, in the water-tub above stairs, where she had never been, there was something that should not be there. She told me this dream, and, on the following evening, I had the vessel emptied, and found in it an old rusty knitting-needle. Mrs. H— had drank water from this barrel just before she went to sleep; and it was probably her susceptibility to the effect of metals that occasioned this dream."

Her second-sightedness was co-equal with her first:—

"It is well known that the gift of second-sight is endemic in certain places—as in some parts of Scotland and Denmark, for example. People who have this second-sight are remarked to have a piercing look—a look which I also observed in Mrs. H— when she saw spirits or herself. At the moments that this faculty is in exercise, the body of the seer is rigid; his eyelids are up-raised, and he is blind and deaf to all besides, as was Mrs. H—. If the seer, in the moment of second-sight, touches another person or animal, that person or animal is endued with the same faculty also."

But when she wanted to know any thing more certainly, particularly, and accurately, she took the trouble "to send out her nerve-spirit" on the errand; and her soul, too, sometimes, on grand occasions, when she could hear also what her said soul said, both when away from her, and when it returned home. And truly "we need not be surprised at these phenomena, when we remember that dying persons—when the soul is yet in the body, but the spirit is free—have it in their power to appear, in their own image, to distant friends."

Mrs. H. had a *nerve-tuner*, which her protecting spirit made for her and gave her: it seems she did not apply it enough, and died in consequence of a nervous disorder.

And having brought about this grand conclusion of all her unexampled properties, we will not retract to tell of her yet more amazing feats than any we have noticed. They will be found at length in this undeniable work. How she fell into a terrible distemper from touching a ribbon whose owner was so afflicted; how she cured a countess who went asleep in a poppy-field and became crazy in consequence; how she had a sun-sphere, and a life-sphere, and what they were (illustrated by a diagram which would have puzzled Aristotle); how she visited its circles, where there were spirits of sundry orders, the souls of animals, &c. &c.; how she ascertained the difference between dead men who carried their souls along with them, and those who did not; how every human being has a number, which if he loses he is lost himself (what soldiers and sailors are wont to call losing the number of your mess); and, indeed, how she found out many things (and not *mares' nests*) much more unprecedented:—behold, they are all clearly and incontrovertibly laid down in this little book; and their tenor may be exemplified by a quotation of a few lines:—

"The life-sphere proper. Under or within these successive orbits of the sun-sphere of life, appeared to lie another—the life-sphere proper—with thirteen three-quarter segments, instead of the twelve possessed by the orbits of the former. She often called this orbit of life her soul. The sense of its existence was not so oppressive to her as that of the former. As this work-day world lay in the sun-sphere, so in this lies something more exalted than itself—something which descends on every man from a higher world. As she spoke out her sensations when in the atmosphere, so here she saw them represented in figures and diagrams. In a word,

this life-ring is the seat of the soul (Seele), and the place of its confluence with the spirit (Geist). (By the word *soul* is signified the abstract idea of the sum of all the intellectual and moral faculties; and by the word *spirit* is indicated the pure reason—the conscience—the intuitive sense of the good, true, and beautiful—the *over-soul*—in one word, the *Holy Ghost*,—all which are synonymous.) Here, in this ring, she learns a number of well-known maxims of religion, and states them in spherical figures of speech. Two numbers rule the sphere, 10 and 17: the 10 is a constant number for all mankind, and is at the same time the earthly one, by means of which the spirit can go out into the external world; and the 17 is the celestial and inner number, and may vary with every man. This varying number is a sort of balance, keeping his account with heaven for good and evil; and, if the evil so far outweighs the good, he may lose his number altogether."

We pray that such may not be our lot, nor the lot of any who take their weekly *Numbers of the Literary Gazette*.

The marvellous ghost-stories in the second part we must leave to the curious to search out there; and in the mean while presume that all the world will now agree that the lecturers and tricksters in mesmeric matters, of whom we know ought, are but wretched, ignorant, and greedy quacks, feeding on public credulity; and not the real genuine Seherins and true apostles of the science.

Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, &c. By P. E. De Strzelecki. 8vo, pp. 462. London, Longmans.

THE author, justly honoured by the Royal Geographical Society of England, and more than once liberally praised by Mr. Murchison, for his devotedness of himself and his private fortune to the great cause of scientific discovery, has here presented the public with the fruits of his labours during years of zealous toil and patient research. As regards the meteorology, magnetism, natural history, geography, mineralogy, geology, agriculture, and general statistics, and physical, moral, and social condition of the natives and countries of which he treats, his work is of the highest value, and contains every information which the latest intelligence could supply. And not, be it understood, the intelligence of others, but his own, acquired during five years of pedestrian travel, and over 7000 miles of space! The volume is well illustrated by maps, charts, and engravings of plants, shells, &c. &c.; and is, indeed, truly deserving of being made a standard reference in every library in which science forms a constituent object of study.

It is not within our scope to offer any analysis of its various contents, nor do we observe any isolated facts which we could satisfactorily lay before our readers; but we may notice as plainly as we may a very remarkable physical statement, by which Mr. De S. in great measure accounts for the gradual extinction of the Polynesian and other dark races, wherever European commerce has been extended. He declares that aboriginal women who have been united with white men cease to continue their species should they return to native union. He asserts this to be an inviolable law, a constant recurring under the same circumstances amongst the Hurons, Seminoles, Red Indians, Yakies, Aravocs, Mendoza Indians, South Sea Islanders, and natives of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land. He adds,—

"To this direct, though occult, cause of the decrease of the aboriginal race may be added others, which, though acting indirectly, far surpass the evil consequences of the first, as their agency is seen to extend still farther, so as to occasion absolute sterility in the native female. Of these, the leucorrhœa, a general complaint, raging with unusual severity and aggravated symptoms, affords a most extraordinary instance; not only because its character might be mistaken by many observers for secondary symptoms, or a modified elephantiasis, but because its origin amongst the native women dates precisely from the arrival of the European females amongst them. Be the cause of the decrease and extinction of the aborigines in the New World what it may, it is certain that human interference to avert its melancholy consequence has been hitherto of no avail, and that a charter for colonisation granted to one race becomes virtually the decree for the extinction of the other. Thus, in New South Wales, since the time that the fate of the Australasian awoke the sympathies of the public, neither the efforts of the missionary, nor the enactments of the government, and still less the protectorate of the 'protectors,' have effected any good. The attempts to civilise and Christianise the aborigines, from which the preservation and elevation of their race was expected to result, have utterly failed, though it is consolatory, even while painful, to confess that neither the one nor the other attempt has been carried into execution with the spirit which accords with its principles. The whole eastern country, once thickly peopled, may now be said to be entirely abandoned to the whites, with the exception of some scattered families in one part, and of a few straggling individuals in another; and these, once so high-spirited, so jealous of their independence and liberty, now treated with contempt and ridicule even by the lowest of the Europeans,—degraded, subdued, confused, awkward, and distrustful,—ill concealing emotions of anger, scorn, and revenge,—emaciated and covered with filthy rags,—these native lords of the soil, more like spectres of the past than living men, are dragging on a melancholy existence to a yet more melancholy doom. In Van Diemen's Land, the drama of the destruction of the aborigines took another turn. In the course of colonisation, the outcasts of society, occupying the more advanced or interior stations in the country, and accustomed to treat with contempt any rights which their brutal strength could bear down, invaded the natives' hunting-grounds, seized on their women, and gave rise to that frightful system of bloody attacks and reprisals which provoked a general rise on the side of both whites and blacks, and ended finally in the capture and transportation of the latter, in 1835, to Flinders Island (Bass's Straits); a measure severe and sanguinary, but necessary, and incumbent upon the government, in order to put an end to those solitary murders which began to belie the existence of civilisation in the country. At the epoch of their deportation, in 1835, the number of the natives amounted to 210! Visited by me in 1842, that is, after the interval of seven years, they mustered only fifty-four individuals! and while each family of the interior of New South Wales, uncontaminated by contact with the whites, swarms with children, those of Flinders Island had, during eight years, an accession of only fourteen in number! Amidst the wrecks of schemes, efforts, and attempts to Christianise, civilise, utilise, and preserve the aboriginal race, there remains yet to be adopted one measure, worthy

of the liberality of the English government,—viz. to listen and attend to the last wishes of the departed, and to the voice of the remaining few:—'Leave us to our habits and customs; do not embitter the days which are in store for us, by constraining us to obey yours; nor reproach us with apathy to that civilisation which is not destined for us; and if you can still be generous to the conquered, relieve the hunger which drives us in despair to slaughter your flocks and the men who guard them. Our fields and forests, which once furnished us with abundance of vegetable and animal food, now yield us no more; they and their produce are yours. You prosper on our native soil, and we are famishing!'"

This is a noble, truth-founded, and philanthropic appeal; and we trust it will be listened to in high places. The following remarks are also most deserving of deep consideration:—

"Since the time that the aborigines have been declared by law, or rather, sophistry of law, to be illegitimate possessors of any land which they do not cultivate, the Australian has been looked upon, *ipso facto*, as a sort of brute intruder! and in the transactions which ended in the taking possession of New Holland by England, has been allowed no more voice than the kangaroos. In the course, however, of colonisation, some humane observers made the discovery that he was somewhat superior to the brute creation, and lifted up their voice in his favour with such effect, that the public of the mother country, passing from extreme apathy to unbounded tenderness and solicitude, invited him at once to take his share in the benefits of Christianity and civilisation. The share, however, which came to his lot, proved to be very much like that which issued from 'Ego Leo,'—as the Christianity which was offered to him was stripped of its charity, and the civilisation embraced no recognition of his rights of property. He therefore rejected both; took to the 'bush,' and, pressed by hunger, fell upon the flocks which invaded his hunting-grounds, and by stealth or open force carried them away. Between those in charge of the flocks and himself fatal conflicts ensued. The public clamours against these outrages at last reached England. Those only committed against the aborigines, in absence of all the circumstances which provoked retaliation, were considered; whereupon a new society started, under the auspices of pure philanthropy, to supply the inefficiency of missions. The 'protectors' who were sent out by this association to espouse the cause of the aborigines only complicated the affair. Their arrival among the now turbulent, excited, and revengeful natives, instead of appeasing, emboldened them to such a degree, that, at the time I am writing (Port Stephen, New South Wales, January 1843), their depredations have already opened another field of exertion for a new association, an *Association for the Protection of the Whites*. Although, in the writer's opinion, the natives of the New World have, wherever the European advances, the sentence of extinction stamped indelibly upon their foreheads, still it is his conviction that this doom of aborigines in general, and of the Australians in particular, might have been retarded and rendered less painful, had the government taken the initiative in attempting their re-organisation and reform, instead of leaving them to private associations. The question of the management of the Australian native was not purely a religious or philanthropic question; it was also a political one, and ought to have been decided solely by the government *à principio*. To have pro-

claimed him conquered, which he understands, and which would have enlightened him as to his position relative to the whites, which he is now rather puzzled to define; to have preserved and encouraged the compact of the tribes, which possessed within itself all the elements requisite to the regulation of their internal relations; to have declared him 'not of age,' in all his remaining relations with the whites, until the characteristic instincts of his race could have been conquered by Christianity and civilisation; to have provided in part for his maintenance, by furnishing him with rations of bread and meat, simultaneously served out on a particular day of the week;—such is the treatment which would have satisfied all the exigencies of his political and physical life, and would have opened an easy field for missionaries to do their part in the great work, and would also have prevented those sanguinary conflicts which an unwise policy alone provoked. As it was, the holy doctrine which the missionaries preached to the aborigines sapped the foundations of their normal government, and its dissolution followed. The voice of Christianity, of disinterested, spiritual, religious faith, was rendered ineffectual by civil disorganisation. Those intrusted with its interests, their own safety threatened, saw themselves compelled to resort to power. In some instances, that power easily fell into their own hands, as in the Sandwich, Friendly, Society, and Gambier Islands; in others, it was resisted, as in New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land: in either case, the endeavour to obtain it by the missionaries was stigmatised in Europe as an usurpation worthy of the Jesuits of old—a reproach as unjust as it was bitter; and which, whether applied to Jesuits or modern missionaries, would more properly attach to those at home who began the work of the regeneration of the natives at the wrong end; for since the first dawn of human history, the civil organisation of society has preceded its religious and moral instruction. In New South Wales, under the influence of mere civil exigencies, the colonial government at length saw itself compelled to legislate for the aborigines of the country; but, tardy and confused, that legislation has only farther disorganised the old bonds which regulated their conduct. The late act, declaring them naturalised as British subjects, has only rendered them legally amenable to the English criminal law, and added one more anomaly to all the other enactments affecting them. This naturalisation excludes them from sitting on a jury or appearing as witnesses, and entails a most confused form of judicial proceedings; all which, taken together, has made of the aborigines of Australia a nondescript caste, who, to use their own phraseology, are 'neither black nor white.'—*MS. Journal of the Author.*

A Glance of Belgium and the Rhine. By Thomas Ramsay, Esq. Pp. 341. London, J. Ollivier.

A MODEST title is followed by a modest preface; and both support us into the presence of a pleasing sketch of places, the only objection to which is their being already so very familiar to our reading and touring public. To our minds, imbued with hundreds of accounts of the same matters, we confess we think novelty of description a moral impossibility; but others, with their memories not so often ploughed up in common with Belgian and Rhenish fields, may find Mr. Ramsay better entitled than he seems to proclaim himself—

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora."

It would, however, be absurd in the *Literary Gazette* to fill its page with extracts about Antwerp, or Brussels, or the field of Waterloo, or Cologne, or Coblenz, or Mayence, or Frankfurt, or even of Treves, though the mention of that city brings the author to the most interesting portion of his work, viz. the miracle-working garment there displayed and worshipped last year, and the almost consequent Rongeschism in the Romish church of Germany. These events Mr. Ramsay views in a moderate sense with the eye of the Tractarian party in the Church of England. On this ground, he admonishes us thus:—

"Every thing we had seen upon our return progress through Belgium tended to confirm the views we had previously formed of the rising prosperity of the kingdom, as well in its social as in its commercial condition. If there was any thing upon which my opinions were—I will not say changed, but rather expanded—it was the religion of the country, of the influence of which, or, at any rate, of the system by which it is directed and enforced, we had opportunities of witnessing many forcible illustrations. The Romish church—apart, of course, from its errors and corruptions—is admirably adapted to maintain a national religion. That there is much to condemn, much to deplore, cannot be denied—much in its ordinances that is fabulous and superstitious, much in its teachings that is false and unscriptural. But its system, nevertheless, is most efficient for the purposes of a national church. There is unity, there is uniformity, there is earnest devotion, there is reverential awe, there is dutiful obedience, there is unbounded faith,—ay, faith

'Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe.'

Still I return with all the warmer attachment to our purer and more apostolical Anglo-Catholic church, which may be said to proclaim to the benighted Romanists, as did St. Paul to the Athenians, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.' The system of our church only wants to be carried out in all its fulness and integrity, to be equally effective. Even its seeming want of the grandeur and solemnity of public worship, any more than the apparent defect in duty and discipline, arises not so much from any fault in its formularies, as from laxity in practice. Much of all this we have not only in common with Rome, but as derived from Rome. Take, for instance, our present glorious choral service, which, in its essential character, as the able author of a recent work upon it well observes, 'was in use in the Catholic church of Rome when that church was renowned, and continued for three centuries renowned, for her purity above all other churches. It was the service of the Catholic church of England, 'a church ancient and glorious for many hundred years before popery began.' At that period, when she cast away all the corruptions which had been imposed on her by the church of Rome, and 'put on her ancient strength, and her beautiful garments,' she retained the organ as the guide of her voice; and with a spirit of wisdom and piety which can never be too gratefully remembered, she preserved to us that liturgy which even those of another church commend for 'the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language, which have combined to place it in the first rank of uninspired compositions.' But this is the liturgy, be it remembered, of the Romish church, without the corrupted additions which it had received

from popery.' There is every thing, in short, in the forms of our own church to afford the safest means to the surest ends; only let us get rid of those groundless prejudices which revolt at every ceremonial that is anti-puritanical, as at least semi-popish. Take the case of the surplice, against the use of which in preaching there has lately been such uproar, upon the silly plea of its being 'a rag of popery.' It is a striking fact, that throughout the whole of our travel, we never once saw any thing at all similar to the English surplice worn in any popish church. Our church has many adversaries even within her pale; and from them, more than from those without, come the fierce assaults she has now to sustain. But remembering these things, and under all the vivid impressions of an antagonist system, I can adapt the glowing language of the poet, and say, that

'—as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind me to my native church the more.'

Of the holy coat at Treves, he relates:—

"It was an attempt, as bold as it was remarkable, to revive the influence of the papal power over the minds of its votaries; and its success has certainly so far been very great. The fears of the timid, the weaknesses of the superstitious, were powerfully worked upon by one whom they had been taught to regard with reverence, if not with awe. They were told by the Bishop of Treves, in language that might well appeal, that their very salvation was involved in their devotion to this spectacle:—'Whoever is able to walk,' was the dreadful injunction, 'and does not go to worship the holy coat, cannot see God, and shall not inherit eternal life!' No wonder that so awful an anathema should enforce obedience to even an idolatrous mandate, amongst a people steeped so deeply in ignorance and superstition, and placing a blind reliance on the infallibility of their church, like the bulk of those who inhabit the Rhenish provinces. But lamentable though all this must appear to the mind of every enlightened Christian, there is yet ground of hope that it may be providentially overruled for good. The very success of the imposture seems likely to defeat it. It is no ordinary delusion that can move more than a million and a quarter of people, at the mere beck of bishops and priests, not only to leave their homes for a long and painful pilgrimage, but, in many instances, to sell all that they possess, and even to contract heavy debts, in order to comply as fully as possible with the injunction laid upon them. Thousands, it is asserted, along the shores of the Rhine and the Moselle have brought upon themselves poverty and distress, in order to secure a title to heaven by worshipping the fictitious relic at Treves! How gratifying, then, is it to find, that the gross imposition and delusion of all this has been denounced by one of the priesthood of the church which has sanctioned and encouraged it! John Ronge, a Roman Catholic priest at Laurahutte in Silesia, has had the honesty and intrepidity to address a letter to Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, frankly and determinedly exposing and condemning the foul imposture; and there is good reason to believe that, however feeble and flickering the flame may be at present, he has lighted a candle in Silesia that will never be put out. • •

"He seeks 'to abolish auricular confession, the celebration of the mass in Latin, the making of proselytes by money, the stultification of the lower clergy by the commands of the higher

hierarchy, and for liberty to think and investigate, and permission to marry for all priests.' The pamphlet was seized by order of the priestly powers; but the excitement already produced by it has been of the most salutary description, and some of the influential men in East and West Prussia, including professors, chaplains, teachers and directors of schools, and members of the upper law-courts, have given in their adhesion to the German Catholic church.

"All who are not members of the Romish church, whether Lutherans or otherwise, are comprehended under the general name of the Evangelical or Protestant Church. 'The Protestants,' it is recorded, 'of the Lutheran or Reformed creed have in most states of Germany come so near to one another, that they have united in one and the same church.' They amount to upwards of twelve millions; and, excepting the provinces of the Rhine, they form a decided majority in the Prussian states. And yet a second Reformation now appeals for a German Catholic church!"

Mr. Ramsay considers the modern Luther to be too latitudinarian in his creed; and concludes:—

"Infinitely better would it have been, had they, as we have said, at once taken their stand upon the creeds and formularies of the primitive Catholic church, as now preserved in the Church of England. As it is, there is but too great reason to fear that this movement, in many respects so auspicious at the outset, will only result in an addition to the countless sects, of all shades of heresy and schism, into which the Protestantism of Christendom is unhappily divided. Very much will depend upon the King of Prussia. It is gratifying to find that his majesty has so far shewn every disposition to promote the cause of Ronge and his followers, whilst the great body of the German Lutherans are opposed to it."

The Breach of Promise. A Novel. By the Author of "The Jilt," &c. 3 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

THERE is little of story, but much cleverness and talent, in this novel, which does credit to a fair young contributor to our fictitious literature. Her forte lies in the sketches of character, often degenerating somewhat into caricature; and the same may be observed of her descriptions of social scenes, morning-calls, dinners, evening-parties, and *rencontres* in places of public amusement. Renard Undermine, his sister Lucilla, and Tom Temple, are, more or less, instances of the former; and the Temple dinner to Sir Felix Archer a sample of the latter. Still these exaggerations are based on truth and a shrewd glance at human nature; and they are accordingly amusing even in their extravagance.

In another respect our author has followed the bell-wether troopage and cant of the day; and drawn the rich as a herd of selfish and heartless revellers, and the poor as virtuous, neglected, and suffering victims. The folly of this poor imitative assault upon the weak sensibilities of real and the pretended sensibilities of hypocritical sympathisers (the former who dole out their pitiful commiseration, and the latter who make a market of their weeping sentiment), could hardly be better illustrated than by the following extract about a wealthy baronet going to the opera.

"And now, Sir Felix Archer's perfect equipage (not his barouchette, but), a softly cushioned landau, with the most delicate and buoyant of motions, bears them through cool, de-

serted Portland Place, into the busy world of Regent Street. How much pomp, and how much misery! * * * How easily glide the plumed and jewelled fair, drawn by the proud and glossy steeds! How limp the ragged, lean, and shaggy wretches, eagerly (when some slight delay occurs, and the splendid carriages halt for a few minutes) watching for one look of pity from the proud beauties within, one jewelled and white hand extending the smallest boon—and vain that watch! Dives and Lazarus at every step. Ah, heartless sons and daughters of mammon! a bitter reckoning awaits you. Ye slighted children of want, your day will come. Oh, the lavish affluence of those palace-like shops, and the lean, wolf-eyed famine glaring in upon them! Poor Frank! in spite of Sir Felix's open, and Undermine's suppressed, ridicule, he would listen, would succour, would even let in a draught of air on Sir Felix, to fling a shilling to a ragged, famished mother, bearing in her lean arms a skeleton babe! At length they reach the opera: a broad daylight still glares—on scornful beauty, and importunate famine—on old age, hideous with rouge, pearl-powder, jewels, golden locks, and utter selfishness, propped up by velvet cushions, and in pursuit of pleasure; and on old age, bent, ragged, barefoot, extending the lean hand, and murmuring the disregarded prayer, pleading for bread—and lo! the former seemed the more revolting picture of the two!"

There is hardly a feature of truth in this picture. There are very few signs of misery outside the opera-house, unless drunken cads and worthless persons of the very lowest class in depravity are its types; but if there were, is this the time or place for the exercise of charity? Assuredly not. The throwing up carriage-windows to shower out indiscriminating relief would be a paltry show and affectation, and lead to a condition of things which would soon render the street, and all about it, an intolerable nuisance. Beautiful is benevolence in its proper sphere; angelic the ministration of succour to our fellow-creatures, sought and found in the recesses of their miseries; but to mix up a display of compassion with a drive to the opera would indeed be an equally senseless and injurious practice.

Let our author think more and more for herself: she has ability enough to guide from parrotting a bad school.

Having thus far, however, blamed the fair authoress, we must, in justice to Miss S— (the name, we believe, is not allowed to transpire), copy an extract from her work, as one example among many that might be quoted of her more successful efforts. The very opening supplies us:

"All was bustle and confusion, in a very small house, in a very small street, in the unfashionable and unromantic neighbourhood of St. Pancras—for in this very small house, the silly inmates had undertaken to give a great dinner to a very great man. 'Great' is of course a relative term; the dinner, old-fashioned and mean enough in itself, was 'great' to those who generally knew no variation in their bill of fare but that from mutton-chops to beef-steaks; and the guest was a 'great man' in the opinion of his hosts and himself, although in the *levée* and drawing-room reports he came in so closely packed among the other 'sirs,' as to be scarcely remarkable or remarked, and you might have sought him in vain among the more favoured cavaliers of the Queen's select balls or dinner-parties. Still, though a small star enough when larger luminaries abounded, when alone in the heavens he attracted some atten-

tion and found some worshippers. He was rich—he was the first baronet of his name—he was slightly literary, slightly supercilious, and slightly bald. Not being quite forty-eight, he called himself thirty-eight; and since as yet his age had not found its way into the baronetage, he boldly wrote himself thirty-eight in the census, which at that time caused the few to confess, and the many to fib, preferring the risk of forfeiting 'a sum not under forty shillings, nor above five pounds,' preferring, I say, the chance of that risk to the certainty of seeing himself 'written down' forty-eight. His name was Sir Felix Archer; he had elevated eye-brows and elevated notions; a pale complexion, good features, very white hands, and was scrupulously neat and elegant in his dress. He was a patron of the *littérati*, and piqued himself on his taste in *vertu* and beauty, gazing with the same cold scrutiny on both. He had been twice married; the objects of his choice had been daughters of fashion, eminent for their charms, accomplished, and wealthy. The one, in her first youth, died of consumption (a natural tendency to which was probably confirmed by the ruinous dissipation of a succession of London seasons). The second, a full-blown and very handsome widow, expired suddenly at a ball; some said from tight-lacing, to preserve a figure growing too stout; some, from the effects of injurious cosmetics, which she used to refresh a fading complexion. To his great grief, they left him childless. He mourned, not so much because he loved children, as because he loathed a certain nephew, to whom, if he had no direct descendant, his title and some of his estates would go. * *

"This was the 'great man' expected in the small house of the poor, the struggling, the ambitious, and almost heart-broken Temples—the Temples, originally his superiors by birth and education, but who had been going down hill more rapidly even than he had been going up. Alas! in all things the going down is so much the quicker and easier process of the two. Why, one could unravel in a few minutes what it had taken many hours to weave—one could spend in a morning the savings of years, and forget in one hour the lessons of a life. In all things it is the same—how hard to learn, how easy to unlearn; witness all ye with little Latin and less Greek, who yet came forth (not so very long ago) crowned with honours from the arms of 'Alma Mater.' And the Rev. Henry Temple was one of Alma Mater's favourite sons;—from captain at Eton he had become fellow at King's;—he was a fine mathematician, and an elegant Grecian;—but foolishly marrying before he had got a living, he found, too late, he had a living to get. The first few years of his wedded life were spent comfortably enough, in expectation of a good living, and in possession of a poor curacy in the parish of St. Pancras. As this curacy, with the notions they had then, did little more than pay rent and taxes, they thought themselves obliged, after spending Mr. Temple's small property, to sell out fifteen hundred pounds' worth of stock, the sole dowry of his beautiful wife, though she was a daughter of one of our oldest families. Thus for some time they lived in tolerable style on Capital and a Curacy—on Love and Hope; the former soon dwindled away—so soon, that they could scarcely believe it was gone! The Curacy, the Love, and the Hope remained to them! They had been kind to the poor when they had means; surely, now they were poor, some would be kind to them? Besides, they both had friends. Alas! alas! Mr. Temple's friends and Mrs. Temple's friends turned, as

'friends' generally do on such occasions, into relentless foes. Poor Temple had a long struggle, a fierce, protracted struggle, with Fate. He was often nearly conquered, but never quite, for the wife he had chosen proved indeed the angel of life. She always comforted, never condemned; and not even when a plan failed or an expectation was frustrated, did she come in with the usual matrimonial remark, 'I always foretold it'—'I knew it would be so.' She blamed herself, she blamed others, she blamed the dark march of dark events, but 'she never blamed him—never.' She loved him after eighteen years (all winters), all struggle, hope deferred, and often bitter disappointment; she loved him better, more tenderly, more earnestly, more reverently, than when, with the trusting heart of early girlhood, she set out with him for his sole estate, a freehold in the fairy-land of Hope! He had tried every thing; and as they had not begged nor starved, he could not be said to have failed. He had gone through every thing; he had had pupils, and had found that with the very poor, pupils soon become masters. He lost his authority directly he was obliged to beg for his money. The Temples had tried boarders too, but they found they reaped nothing from them but discontent and insult; and the last proved to be a sort of private amateur maniac, who was called 'harmless,' because she never harmed herself; but who took great delight in slyly cutting notches in tables and chairs, and picking holes in her neighbours' coats (but that last is an universal mania). This lady's friends were glad to get her out to board; but, like the memorable 'bad half-crown,' she was always coming back to them. The poor Temples, who had nothing of the Jew about them, were several pounds the losers by her mischievous depredations, and by her were finally wearied with the profitless speculation boarders must be to people who cannot learn to be sordid. At length, Mr. Temple took to his pen—he might almost as well have taken to his bed. A great poet has said, 'the pen is mightier than the sword;' it may be so to destroy, but to support, alas! a broken reed is that same pen! Yet, with this broken reed, after many trials, many failures, and—alas for manhood too severely tried—many tears! he did keep the wolf from the door."

Attracted by Temple's daughter (the heroine), Sir Felix sends a haunch, and accepts a dinner-invitation from her parents.

"What a mistake it is in the poor and ambitious to fancy they increase a good impression by giving a bad dinner! And what dinner could the Temples give that would not have seemed bad to Sir Felix Archer, who was considered, even in London, a first-rate Amphytrion? But then, Mr. Temple thought if his old friend could but see more of Lucilla! could but hear her sing songs of her own writing! hear her converse, when quite at ease! If he had been so struck with her in her morning-dress, and with her dishevelled hair, what would he be when he saw her arrayed for conquest, in all the witchery of white muslin and smooth ringlets! Lucilla was not informed of her parents' hopes, but she had a woman's instinct where a matrimonial speculation was concerned. Sir Felix was not her *beau idéal*!—as yet, indeed, only her *ideal beau*. But he had admired her; he was elegant, rich, desired by her parents, and she was heart-whole. And so she was (unlike a true heroine) very anxious to shine before him; and she combed and brushed her hair into its brightest gloss, and washed and ironed her muslin dress, and spent

her only sixpence in a bunch of lilies of the valley. Then there was her brother Tom: who could tell but that Sir Felix, being so well disposed, might take a fancy to this smart lad, and get him into something? Tom was just at the age of incipient pedantry, incipient dandyism, and confirmed awkwardness. His charms consisted in a jacket buttoned to the chin, a high stock, a pair of tight Wellingtons, and a wet brush. There had been some doubt whether he should dine at table; but as he had resolved, if he did not appear at dinner, not to appear at all, his presence was prepared for. Intense fatigue preceded the important day! There was such borrowing and hiring—such hopes and disappointments—such vain attempts at making an old lamp burn—and in every thing such grand beginnings and such 'lame and impotent conclusions;' but in what human undertaking is not that more or less the case? What genius falls not far short in his best production of his own original conception? It is not very easy to preside at once in the kitchen and the drawing-room. The stupid maid of all work could do nothing unprompted; Lucilla and her mother were flushed, wearied, and obliged to hasten to their toilets, leaving the fate of the dinner in the black hands of a girl, who originally had not two ideas, and who was now too frightened to retain one. Mr. Temple was half-frantic; some wine he had ordered had not arrived, and in rushing out to ascertain the cause of delay, he knocked down a little boy with a large basket of glasses, hired for the occasion. Then a 'tiger' had been borrowed of a friend in the street to wait at table. He was very conceited, and ere long, Tom, who was passionate, engaged in a scuffle with him. The 'tiger,' wiry and old, though small, gave Tom a black eye, which gave him a sinister appearance. Mrs. Temple, having severely reprimanded Jock, the 'tiger,' for the evil deed he had done, probably awoke the vengeance of that small but determined creature; for even while she was hastily washing off the effect of her culinary avocations in the back drawing-room, which was converted into a bed-room, Jock actually flung open the door, and ushered in Sir Felix Archer! Then there was a scream, and a rush from the lady, and a supercilious apology from the gentleman, who retreated to the landing-place, where he met Lucilla slipping down stairs to get her dress fastened by the maid of all work. At this moment Tom came forth with his black eye, and did the honours. Having been told to spare no pains to please his probable patron, he chattered on with a mixture of flippancy and pedantry; and before dinner was announced, he had heartily wearied and disgusted Sir Felix. That grandee having been put out of temper by the mistake made at his arrival, coldly handed Mrs. Temple down stairs, and sate unbending and supercilious during dinner, eating scarcely anything, and not even smiling at some rather old stories and jokes Tom was relating from the renowned 'Joe Miller.' As to Lucilla, who had been placed opposite to him, after one glance, he took no notice of her: tired, flushed, her hair stiffly curled, and in a scanty ill-made white frock, she was not the same being he had actually longed to see again. Expectation ended with her, too, as it generally does with all, in disappointment. Fatigue and worry depressed her spirits, and, instead of being able to amuse her father's guest, she was scarcely able to repress her tears. The dinner was horrible! Yes, there is no disguising the fact—it was positively horrible! The Irish maid of all work had let soot fall into the soup; the fish

was parboiled, the chickens were in rags, the venison was raw, the melted butter was full of lumps of flour, the custards were turned, and the jelly melting away. Sir Felix coldly refused almost every thing, or sent away his plate after having (evidently with effort) tasted its contents. The only thing he seemed to approve of was a pastry-cook's sponge-cake. Mr. Temple tried to talk of Church and State, of Politics, of Literature, but his guest would not be drawn out. He refused any dessert, though Lucilla offered to prepare his strawberries, and Tom to cut him an orange into the shape of a pig. As soon as possible, Mrs. Temple gave the signal to her daughter, and they adjourned to the drawing-room to bewail their failure and all the needless expense they had incurred. 'Perhaps your father and his wine may get him into a good humour, my love,' said poor Mrs. Temple, sinking, half dead, into an arm-chair. 'See about the tea and coffee, dearest; I can do no more.' 'I told him,' said Tom, 'how, when first tea was introduced, ladies used to hand round the leaves and eat them with sugar; but he took no notice.' 'He takes no notice of anything, or any one,' said Lucilla, arranging her hair at the glass; 'do you watch, Tom, and let me know when they are coming up.' Tea and coffee waited, and so did the ladies, but in vain. After about an hour, they heard wheels under the window; the street-door opened, and Tom, who had been watching on the stairs, rushed up aghast, to say Sir Felix Archer was gone! In a few moments Mr. Temple came up alone: he was pale and agitated; he merely said, 'Sir Felix left his compliments, and regrets he could not join you.' 'Did you ask him to assist you in publishing your large work?' 'I did.' 'And what did he reply?' 'I forget what; some superciliously polite refusal.' 'Did you beg him to enable you to meet that dreadful bill, due next Saturday?' 'No, I did not. I could not. I can go to prison. I could not ask him; he would take no hint. He grew so cold, so proud, so guarded when I even approached the subject of my dreadful trials. No, no, I could not do it; but I can go to prison, and, what is more, I must.' 'Oh, if you had but asked him.' 'I tell you, I could not do it: do not irritate me; do not goad and taunt me now—I am not myself; and he hurried out of the room.' 'I goad! I taunt him!' cried the poor wife, hastening after him. 'Dearest, let me speak to you; you always have found comfort in me, and you always shall.' He had hurried upstairs, and closed the door. 'Let me in, I implore you,' she sobbed, 'if only to tell you on my knees I meant no offence. Oh, think how long we have suffered together! What have I done that now you should exclude me from your heart? Do not—for the sake of the past, do not.' The husband could resist no longer; he gently opened the door. The wife saw he had been weeping. 'I wished to escape your contempt, my love,' he said. 'Oh! do not speak thus, you will kill me!' and she flung herself wildly on his bosom. In a moment she was lifeless at his feet. The odious fatigues of that wretched day, and the intense anguish of her heart, had been too much for the wearied frame of a very delicate woman,—she had burst a blood-vessel; and Mr. Temple, ghastly pale, and wild with alarm, raised and placed on a bed—her white dress stained with blood—the corpse-like form of that devoted wife."

We repeat that there is much to please the reader of these volumes.

Practical Remarks on some exhausting Diseases, particularly those incident to Women. By Sir James Eyre, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 75. London, John Churchill.

SIR JAMES EYRE'S object in presenting this little book to the medical world is, to promulgate, in a more comprehensive and convenient form than the pages of a weekly journal would admit, the satisfactory results which he has arrived at by the use of oxide of silver as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of various exhaustive diseases.

Those more particularly mentioned are pyrosis, or water-brash, various hæmorrhages, more especially spitting of blood and menorrhagia. Sir James does not claim the discovery of new properties in a valuable preparation; this it appears belongs conjointly to the celebrated Serre of Montpellier, and to Mr. Charles Lane, a London surgeon; but he has employed it with nearly constant success during an active professional life of more than thirty years, and with opportunities of acquiring practical information in an almost equal degree with gentlemen who are attached to large metropolitan hospitals.

Under these circumstances, the results of such experience are deserving of every attention on the part of the profession, with whom, indeed, the neglect of means whose value is so attested would be unpardonable, unless for very cogent reasons; but the public at large can have little interest in the matter, for the use of so powerful a medicinal agent is contra-indicated where there is febrile disturbance, and must be accompanied by attention to the condition of the *prima viæ*, and other minor points, which are of a strictly professional character.

Spain and Tangier, &c., visited in 1840 and 1841.

By X. Y. Z. Pp. 396. London, S. Clarke. OUR brief introductory remarks on Mr. Ramsay's tour apply with nearly equal force to this: the ground has been so trodden that new footsteps leave little or no trace of novelty. The volume perambulates Spain, and sojourns in its chief cities, during eight months, in a pleasant way, and then enjoys a trip to Tangier; but still we are inclined to apply to it the grace of the facetious curate of old (quoted by the writer) when feasted at his rector's table:

"For rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord, we've had enough."

This is wonderfully apposite to a vast number of modern publications.

Œuvres Choies d'E. Scribe. Tome Premier.

Pp. 524. Paris and London, Didot Frères. THIS choice little volume contains sixteen of Scribe's popular dramas; need we add one word to recommend it to every reader of French?

Lectures delivered at the Literary and Mechanics' Institutions. By W. H. Leatham. Pp. 145. Longmans.

ON various subjects related to the arts, poetry, literature, and biography, which are handled in an able manner, and are well suited to the audiences to which they were addressed. A history of Wakefield and its antiquities possesses more than local interest.

Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire.

Part I. "The Popular Library Edition." Pp. 96, double cols. Translated by W. Stapleton. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

WE have given our opinion of the veracity, authority, and value of this performance; and we certainly think the cheapest edition dear enough in respect to the faith which is to be pinned on M. Thiers. There is, however, often

a sparkling manner; and also matter enough for analysis and comparison to recommend the work, with all its vices, as true history.

Travels in England and Wales. By J. G. Kohl.

Translated from the German by T. Roscoe, Esq. Pp. 428. London, Sherwood and Co. THE editor states that this is "the most faithful, and far the most complete, translation" of Kohl's England, "former ones having been much abridged;" and certainly it is in the cheap form, with such paper and typography as low prices usually entail. It is the first of a series of publications projected by the "*Great Western Advertiser and Chronicle* press," Bristol; whence also issues, in weekly parts, *Scaly's Western Miscellany*, a collection of varieties in prose and verse, and other works more resembling these Travels, such as Kendal's Texan Expedition, &c.

Hand-Book for European Tourists through Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, &c. &c. By Francis Coghlan. Pp. 858. London, H. Hughes.

TOURISTS "through the Rhine," as the title-page states, will have no guide here, but a very good one either up or down that river, or for either bank; and indeed we may afford the same praise to the work generally. It is full of all the useful information which the traveller can require; points out "the lions" of every place, indicates the roads and distances, gives estimates of charges of every kind, and, in short, places simply and clearly before the view how to proceed most conveniently, least expensively, combining the saving of time with the acquisition of intelligence, throughout the countries above enumerated. Mr. Coghlan appears to have taken due pains with it; and consequently has produced a book well worthy of public patronage.

The Book of Family Crests, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Washbourne.

A FIFTH edition, containing four thousand engraved crests, &c. &c., an alphabetic dictionary of mottos, an essay on the origin of arms, a glossary, and indeed all kinds of information needful on the heraldic subject. It is a nice book of reference to be put on the shelf beside Peerages, Directories, Court-Guides, and similar publications.

Phreno-menemotechny; or, the Art of Memory, &c.

By F. Fauvel-Gouraud, D.E.S. &c. Large 8vo, 700 or 800 pages. London, Wiley and Putnam.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of madness with method in it; but this is madness without. We have seen a few wild books in our time; but of all we ever saw, for bulk, irrelevancy, and non-compos-mentisism, this is the superlative flower.

Economy; or, a Peep at our Neighbourhood. Pp. 375. London, J. Ollivier.

DESCRIBES a genteel English family retiring for a season from Devonshire to Guernsey, to economise and enjoy a change; and states all the particulars of lodgings, prices, excursions, and other incidental expenses. The result is a saving of thirty per cent, the principal source of which seems to be on wines. The book will chiefly interest parties who may contemplate a similar excursion; but the little details of the manners, &c., of the inhabitants are amusing enough to entertain the general reader.

Principles of History. By L. Raymond de Vericour. Pp. 40. London, H. Baillière.

BETWEEN a practical and a philosophical eulogy on history; pointing at some of its leading features, and what ought to be its leading principles.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Cork, February 1845.

MR. EDITOR,—The "Life of Lord Eldon," by Mr. Twiss, which has already reached a second edition, has, as may be inferred, passed through the ordeal of review in every critical journal, and with almost uniform praise of the composition, however dissentient opinions may have been on its object, whose character and conduct have been canvassed with minutest scrutiny, urged, in equal intemperance, by fond partiality or adverse bias. Yet one circumstance, not altogether without historical interest, and deriving importance from an association with some great names, has escaped that notice to which I consider it entitled.

In volume the second of the biography, page 152, we learn that the chancellor, in his congratulatory address, on the part of the peers, to the Duke of Wellington, the 28th of June, 1814, on the great soldier's return to England after his memorable Peninsular campaigns, dwelt with marked emphasis on the duke's presence at that moment, "as the sole instance in the peerage of an individual being on his first entrance into the House of Lords, a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquise, and a duke." Subsequently, too, his lordship seems to have cherished the conviction that he had made a happy application of an historical discovery. But that the event was not, in fact, as he flatteringly viewed it, unprecedented, I expect to shew with unerring effect, if I do not much misapprehend my authorities. The royal blood, even the spurious, is out of the question; nor do I adduce its derivative peerages as exceptional, or contradictory, to Lord Eldon's assertion. I confine my view to examples in perfect analogy, of similarly self-acquired, untransmitted elevation of rank. Two, if not the sole on record, at least the best known, will suffice; nor do I recollect any more.

On the 7th of July 1660, I find that Monk, created Baron Monk, Baron Beauchamp, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle, made his first appearance in the House of Lords, as a duke *per saltum*, without interstitial advance, or usual suspensive promotion. And again, with equally simultaneous investiture of titles, from the lowest to the highest, Marshal Schomberg, a French refugee, was introduced to the house, on the 10th of April 1689, as Baron Teyes, Earl of Brentford, Marquis of Harwich, and Duke of Schomberg. The grants to our illustrious warrior were, indeed, for distinct services at separate periods; but that he had been anticipated in the fact of his first presentation to the peers clothed with all the patents of nobility, is thus placed beyond contestation. The title of viscount or marquise being omitted in one or other of these creations—both of latest institution and intermediate gradation—I consider no valid exception to the parallel.* Here, then, we have demonstration that these three personages entered the upper house, each for the first time, in identity of position. It is only singular that precedents of such notoriety, or accessible information, should not have occurred to the chancellor, to his learned biographer, or scrutinising critics. It has been remarked how far superior, at that interesting juncture, to Lord Eldon's, was the allocution, in point, diction, and spirit, of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Abbott, then filling that place, afterwards Lord Colchester,

* Our earliest three dukedoms, Norfolk, Somerset, and Richmond, do not include the marquise or viscounty in their patents, though occasionally acquired in after-times by some of the collateral branches.

was, indeed, always peculiarly happy in these complimentary addresses, which were collectively published after his death, in 1829, but limited in number, and chiefly reserved for private distribution.

With reference to the names here brought in juxtaposition with our glorious commander, George Monk—whose life by Guizot, like this minister's now-stricken colleague Villmain's Cromwell, is little worthy of his fame—was not without some pretensions to noble rank. He could, it was affirmed, even boast of Plantagenet consanguinity, his great grandfather, Thomas Monk, having espoused Frances, daughter of Arthur Plantagenet, natural son of Edward IV. created Viscount L'Isle in 1533; but the title became extinct in his person, as he died without male issue, in 1541. A cajoling epistle from Louis XVIII., in 1800, vainly tempted Bonaparte to follow the English general's example, in recalling the dethroned dynasty; but the ambitious soldier, impressed with Voltaire's deduction from history, that "le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux," and confident in his ascending star—then the bright and cheering attendant of his genius—would brook no mortal superior, or stoop to a subordinate lot in human condition.* The communication was conveyed through the Comte de Montalembert and the Abbé de Montesquieu. Mont-

* The seductive bribe held out to the first consul was the highest dignity under the crown, that of constable of France; which, from its exorbitant power, had been abolished in 1637, as it had, above a century before, in 1521, been suppressed in England; while to this day an enduring feather in the Errol peerage of Scotland. The Hon. G. S. Smythe, in his "Historic Fancies," at page 12, has fallen into the very common error of ascribing this great office to Henri de Montmorency, decapitated at Toulouse in 1632; but though possessed by six of his ancestors (as I have had occasion to mention in another place), from Mathieu in 1218, to his own father who died in 1614, and though admiral, marshal, duke, and peer of France, he never enjoyed the title of constable. The last was François de Bonne, Duc de Lesdiguières, preceded by the Duc de Luynes, the successor of Henri de Montmorency's parent. Of Mr. Smythe's volume I may say, that it certainly is demonstrative of sedulously applied facilities, as yet, indeed, immature in culture or fruit; more of promise than of reached power, or final capability. The biographical articles of our young author are most liable to animadversion, especially that of Mirabeau. As, for instance, the "suggested" parallel (p. 94) between that celebrated person's father, the misnamed "friend of men," and the most amiable and accomplished Romilly, where the characters should rather be presented in contrast than approximation; unless, indeed, as extremes meet, or as one portrait may be placed as a foil to enhance the value of another. Further examples would transgress, in their development, my prescribed bounds. But of Mirabeau himself, I may add, that I still, through the long vista of more than fifty years, bear the image in vivid recollection, both as to person and influence as an orator, calculated as they were to leave no fading impression; and to few, truly, could the descriptive energy of the eloquence of Pericles, by his contemporary the poet Euphris, be more apposite:

— μὲν τὸν περικλυτὸν
τὸν δὲ σὺν τῷ ἀνδραγαθῷ τῷ ἀνδραγαθῷ.

(See Cicero in *Brutus*, cap. ix., Plinii *Epist.* lib. i. Ep. 20; and Lord Brougham's *Statesmen*, vol. ii. p. 248.)

Mr. Smythe's dialogue between himself at fifteen and five-and-twenty is an excellent practice of comparative judgment; and progressive years, he may expect, will produce no less a disparity of opinions and feelings than the retrospect of his boyhood now offers to his riper taste and intellect.

"Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum."
(Lucretius, v. 1275.)

The honourable gentleman will, I trust, take in no unfriendly sense my freedom of language, when he states of Mirabeau's reference to Coligny, at p. 194, I add, in the demagogue's identical words, that I happen to be "par parenthese un peu son cousin." A prevalent report makes Mr. Smythe the original of Mr. D'Israeli's *Coningsby*, the representative of Young England, or the rising generation—England in prospect; an improvement, I earnestly hope, on the past; and authorising it to repeat the boast of Sthenelus to Agamemnon in the *Iliad* (A. 405):

ἡμῶν τοι πατρὶός μιν ἀνέστηναι ὑπὲρ πάντων ἄνδρας.

alembert, at that time an emigrant in our service, was father of the present distinguished member of the French Chamber of Peers, the energetic advocate of free tuition; but the Abbé was at Paris, whither the count returned on the peace, in 1814, with his English wife, a Miss Fraser (I believe), and family.

Monk's spouse when duchess of Albemarle, and the duchess of Dantzic, wife of Lefebvre, Napoleon's first created duke (May 1807), both of humblest birth, were the constant and pointed marks of ridicule at their respective courts, for their inborn vulgarity; but the Frenchwoman's husband, the son of an Alsatian miller, was not of higher extraction than herself, originally the chambermaid of an inn, though this marshal and duke was weakly solicitous in after-life to impress on the public a belief that his descent was equivalent to his fortunes—"Nous avons été témoin, que sous la restauration il déniait hautement son origine," asserts his old companion in arms and biographer, M. Michaud. Mrs. Shelley, in her entertaining "Rambles through Germany and Italy," censures, with deep and merited reprobation, this warrior's desolating campaign of 1809, in the Tyrol; nor is Bettina (Madame Arnim) less indignantly animated on the subject, in her singular correspondence—"Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde" (Berlin, 1837. 8vo). Mrs. Shelley's feelings are expressed at page 52 of her second volume; and subsequently, at page 88, the lady, with equal justice and asperity of blame, condemns the rigours of the amiable Pelico's imprisonment in the castle of Spielberg; but here she happens to be betrayed into a lapse of pen or memory by her warm sympathies. This inflicted harshness, so sensitively depicted by the interesting victim himself (*Mei Prigioni*, capo lvii.), Mrs. Shelley maintains, "puts to shame the fly-killing pastime of *Diocletian*." It should of course be *Domitian*, "princeps cui ludus fuit muscas captare, ac stylo præconato configere." See Dio Cassius (or rather Xylander), lib. 66-69; Suetonius in *Domitiano*, cap. iii.; and Plinii *Panegyricus*, cap. iii.

This incidental advertence to Mrs. Shelley's publication gives me an opportunity of adding, that her father, the late Mr. Godwin, assured me that every character in "Caleb Williams," the most lasting monument of his fame, was the pure product of fancy, not the veil of malignity, in caricature or calumny, to misrepresent living individuals, the too frequent aim of such ostensible fictions. Poor Caleb might well have exclaimed with Ovid:

"Cur aliquid vidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?"
(*Tristia*, ii. 203.)

But much superior in birth to Monk, and among the martyrs to Louis XIV.'s infraction of the edict of Nantes, equally a stigma on that sovereign's moral and political conduct, the most elevated in rank and celebrity was Frederic Armand Schomberg, a marshal of France, and immediately promoted to the same degree in England (see *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1842, p. 585). His family, a very ancient one of German origin, was divided into various branches and different religions, as described in the "Elogium illustrissimæ Gentis Schombergiæ," by Abel de Sainte-Marthe, republished in 1728, 4to, at Dresden, by Johannes Knauthius. His long life (1619-1691), in principle and action, was distinguished for rectitude and ability, unless its close should be supposed to mar this general eulogy. Madame de Sévigné's animadversions on his junction with our William in dethroning this monarch's father-in-law, are of pointed severity—"Que dites-

vous de ce héros qui gâte si cruellement une si belle vie?" (Letter of Nov. 8, 1688); while, on the other hand, M. B. Lusaney, in a sketch of the marshal's career, printed at Amsterdam (1690, 12mo), panegyrisms this and all his other acts. Though a duke in France, I may passingly note, he was not a peer, which he necessarily became in England with the title. But Schomberg, while he nobly resisted the entreaties and offered advantages of Louis to separate his fate from his co-religionists, not scrupulously joined the enemy of his country, and a daughter to despoil her father of his crown; though guiltless, assuredly, of all injury to her or her husband, except their disappointed prospect of the throne by the birth of a prince be so felt. Madame de Sévigné assimilates Mary's conduct to that of Tullia, represented in Roman tradition as driving her chariot-wheels over her father's corpse: "Per patris corpus carpentum egisse fertur," relates Livy (lib. i. 48). The following lines by a contemporary poet, Joseph Pavillon (*Œuvres*, Amsterdam, 1720, 12mo, tome ii.), are not unsuited to our queen, and will find a responsive echo in every paternal bosom:

"Cette princesse est fort aimable:
Elle est, si vous voulez, en tout incomparable:
Elle a de la bonté, de l'esprit, du savoir,
Et toutes les vertus ensemble;
Mais je ne voudrais pas avoir
Une fille, qui lui ressemble."

As a wife, however, Mary acquired her husband's unbounded esteem. On her death in 1694, William, we are told by Oldmixon in his history of the Stuarts, declared, "that during the whole course of their marriage he had never known a single fault in her"—a tribute in perfect accord of tenour and expression to that of his antagonist, Louis XIV., on the decease of his consort in 1683: "C'est le seul chagrin qu'elle m'a jamais donné." Yet our liberator, though far removed from the scandalous licentiousness of the French sovereign, was by no means free from conjugal irregularities; for which he had neither the excuse of person or position of Louis, one of the most attractive of men, and first in renown and power of regnant monarchs—no uninfluential instruments of seduction, it will be admitted; while William had little in manner or appearance to win female favour. The offer, it is said, of an illegitimate daughter by the former in marriage to the latter early in life, was the origin, because viewed as an insult, of William's irreconcilable hostility. But I would fain believe that it had a higher source—the defence of his country and of Europe against the restless ambition of Louis; unless we adopt Dr. Wigan's dual system of mental constitution, and ascribe a concurring impulse to both causes: for our actions, however unconsciously to ourselves, are seldom traceable to singleness of feeling, or directed by a simplicity of view.

One of the best articles on Lord Eldon's Life is that devoted to it in the great Edinburgh periodical, No. 163. It adds several forensic anecdotes to those which render the biography so entertaining. Among them, at p. 163, I read—"that Lord Brougham was intended to lead a libel cause; but immediately before the trial it was discovered that the other counsel (a mere special pleader) was his senior, and the mistake proved irremediable." It was thus, I may remark, that the supersession of Sir Arthur Wellesley,* after the battle of Vimiera in 1808, by two senior, but far less competent officers, arrested the course and blighted the fruits of

* "Fatalis dux . . . et penes quem perfecti hujusce belli laus erit" as Livy (xli. 46, and xlii. 53) says of the elder Scipio in early life.

that victory. On an occurrence, however, in this city, not dissimilar to that of Lord Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, with instant happiness of thought, applied the remedy which had evaded the learned peer's sagacity. Engaged in a case, the success of which mainly depended on his examination of the most material witness, a department of the profession in which he had no superior, he found to his surprise, on entering the court, that his destined station and consequent task were occupied by another; the client having, without communication, and wholly unconscious of the etiquette of the bar, or its consequences, in this instance, to himself, privately retained an old friend, of more moral than intellectual merit, but Mr. O'Connell's senior. The law-agent, my informant of all the particulars, naturally dissatisfied with this act of his employer, and fearful of the issue in such hands, was about to abandon the cause, when Mr. O'Connell, chiding him for his despondency, directed him to ascertain the name of a gaping clown whom his searching eye had espied in the crowd. The individual was immediately called up, and to his astonishment presented as first evidence by the instructed attorney for examination to the intrusive counsel; but was dismissed as totally incapable of a pertinent answer. Thus, however, the desired end was attained; and the leader, on his part being accomplished, stood no longer in the way of Mr. O'Connell, who succeeded him, and failed not to achieve the expected result.

I have the honour to be, &c. J. R.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 30th.—Mr. Faraday "On artesian wells and water."—The chief point which Mr. Faraday appeared to have in view was, to state and develop, as far as it has practically been carried into effect, a plan for supplying part of the water of London, especially that for drinking and culinary purposes, from the sand and chalk that underlie the London clay. He first stated briefly the nature of an artesian well in London, shewing that it usually consisted of a well dug and bricked round to a certain depth, according to circumstances, from the bottom of which a tubular opening is formed by boring into the sand and chalk beneath. Only the water of the sand and chalk is allowed to come into the well, and that from the sand comes by percolation through the chalk, iron tubes being employed to line the boring from the well into the chalk. Proceeding to the artesian wells connected with the works in Trafalgar Square, he stated that there were two, one in front of the Royal Academy, and the other behind, in Orange-street, and that these are, near the bottom, connected by a tunnel six feet in diameter and 380 feet long, the wells and tunnel being lined with brick set in cement. From the bottom of these wells proceed borings, piped until they enter the chalk, and after that proceeding simply in the chalk. The deepest well has an entire depth of 395 feet, of which 135 feet are in the chalk. In connexion with these wells there is an engine-house, in Orange-street, and also tanks or cisterns for the water. The chief object of these works is to supply water to the following government departments:—The Barracks, National Gallery, Office of Woods and Forests, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Treasury, Scotland-Yard Offices, Whitehall-Yard Offices, India Board, Downing Street, and Houses of Parliament, for which the annual charge has been about 1000*l*. In the new system the charge stands thus: an outlay of not quite 9000*l*. was expended in the wells and engine-

house, in the mains to the places mentioned, and in the pipes to and from the fountains; and then a contract was entered into with Messrs. Easton and Amos, who erected the works and proposed the plan, to work the engines and supply the water from the wells at the rate of 100 gallons per minute for ten hours a day, and also to supply 500 gallons per minute for the same hours to the two fountains which are in Trafalgar Square, for 500*l*. per annum. And this is now done: the 100 gallons per minute are drawn from the deep well, the 500 gallons per minute are pumped round and round. The draught in the deep well does not in the ten hours lower the level of the water there more than five feet below the rest-level; and the proposers of the plan are now confident that they could obtain 500 gallons per minute from the present works by a little increase in the power of the machinery.

The proposition of which this experiment is in part the realisation is, that whilst engaged in increasing the supply of water to meet the growing demand of a rapidly enlarging city, a part of this increased supply should be drawn from the chalk and sand under London, by such wells as these. Thus the inhabitants of Berkeley Square have just had a well and borings made to supply drinking-water by means of a hand-pump, and this will cost about 450*l*. If an outlay of 3500*l*. had been made in the first instance, then an annual charge of 350*l*. per annum would have supplied as much and more water than that for which they now pay 700*l*. per annum: and an outlay of 1000*l*. more would have given them a handsome fountain, to which a supply of water equal to between 250 and 300 gallons per minute might have been sent, included in the above annual charge.

Mr. Faraday touched upon the probability of forming groups of houses which might economically be supplied with water as above, and said that in many moderate neighbourhoods the water-rent of 2000 houses would suffice to make the plan good and economical. He touched upon the report of the robbery of neighbouring wells by those in Trafalgar Square, against which comes the fact that they do not lower their own level more than five feet, and therefore can hardly affect others. He mentioned that remarkable and well-known character of the deep-well water of London given by the presence of pure carbonate of soda. He referred to the probable partial exhaustion of the subterraneous reservoir by the draught of many wells upon it, but stated that if this did lower the water ten, twenty, thirty, or forty feet, the extra lift of the water from these lower levels was of very little consequence in an economical point of view. In referring to the source of this water, he spoke of it as being derived principally from that which fell upon and penetrated the country surrounding London, where the sand and chalk crop out; and expressed a notion that if a great abundance of water were drawn from beneath them, its place would be supplied by other waters, which now issue out as springs in the chalk and sand country, and form such rivers as the Colne, Verulam, Wandle, &c. &c. In this view, those rivers which some have proposed to bring to water London over the surface, would then be brought for exactly the same purpose under the surface, and by natural conduits.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 3d.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The first paper read was "On the cor-

rosion of metals," by Mr. R. Adie. The object of the communication was to give an experimental proof of the fact, of water, when saturated with common salt, preserving to a great extent the surfaces of oxidisable metals from corrosion, by the joint action of air and water; and also to shew that water, or water containing a saline solution, does not act as a corroding agent without the aid of the oxygen of the atmosphere. These positions were demonstrated by the details of several series of very interesting experiments, which were purely of a chemical tendency, leaving to the engineers the application to practice of the results obtained. The details were also given of some experiments made to ascertain the quantity of oxygen dissolved by water under different circumstances; whence it was shewn that brine, and some other saline solutions, contain much less dissolved oxygen than sea or ordinary water; the discovery of this fact suggested the experiments on the application of brine as a preserver of iron. The object of the last set of experiments was to determine, by trial, the rates of corrosion of metals in fresh water, sea-water, and saturated brine. The results demonstrated that sea-water corrodes the quickest, fresh water less rapidly, and brine very much slower than either. The circumstance was incidentally mentioned of the use of common salt for preserving ships' timbers, for which purposes, the spaces between the ribs of some of the North American ships are frequently packed with rock-salt, and the effect has proved very advantageous to the duration of the timber, without affecting the metal fastenings, as would have been supposed.—A paper by Mr. W. Gale pointed out the advantages of the movable jib-crane for the purposes of building. It was stated to have been originally invented by James Watt, for the Bell-Rock Lighthouse; but in a communication from Mr. R. Stevenson (Edinburgh), which was also read, with extracts from the history of that lighthouse, the invention was claimed by Mr. Stevenson. It appeared that the crane was used very extensively, but that some defects existed in its construction, for which the author suggested remedies, which he had applied successfully, and for which he gave the necessary details of calculation and drawings, without which they would be with difficulty comprehended.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

May 14th.—Mr. B. Rotch, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Albano's expanding fire-escape, on the principle of the "lazy tongs," was the first subject brought forward. It consists of a four-wheeled carriage on which the expanding apparatus is placed, which can be easily raised by one man to the height of 42 feet by means of 9 turns of the working spindle; convenient rope-ladders for the firemen, and buckets for lowering persons from the upper parts of buildings on fire, complete the contrivance.—A music-board for teaching singing in schools, invented by Mr. W. Ingram, was next described. It consists of a large square frame padded and covered with calico or linen, on which are stretched pieces of tape corresponding with the lines; the notes, bars, clefs, &c., are made of card-board, and are readily placed behind the lines when required for setting up any particular tune; when the notes, &c., are above the lines, they are secured to the padded frame by means of small pins.—The secretary read a paper by Mr. Napier, "On separating metals from their ores by means of electricity," the principal points

of which we have given in our notice of the Royal Institution.—The Society's repository was lighted with two gas-lights on Mr. D. Grant's ventilating principle; the chief novelty of which consists in substituting earthen or glass ventilating tubes for those of metal—whereby less heat is given out, and the unpleasant odour arising from heated brass or iron entirely obviated.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Carpentras, in the south of France, is one of the ancient cities of that country which had preserved its walls almost untouched to the present day. Now, however, the barbarian hands of the municipal council have ceased to respect them as they ought, and various needless mutilations have been committed upon them. A similar spirit of disregard for the military antiquities of the country is, unfortunately, not confined to this town only, but has shewn itself at St. Riquier, near Amiens, in Picardy, where the only remaining tower of the fortified *enceinte* of that small bourg has lately been demolished. Facts such as these, though of little importance in themselves, are nevertheless worthy of reprobation, as indicating a stupid ignorance of, and apathy towards, the honourable recollections of national history.

As a pleasing set-off to the above, we may mention, that the cloister of Arles-sur-Tech, in the Pyrénées Orientales, which was sold as public property during the Revolution, has just been given in perpetuity to the church of Arles by a body of thirty-seven proprietors, into whose hands it had fallen, on condition of the authorities connected with the church keeping it constantly in repair, and appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes.—The government surveyors of roads having lately injured the walls of the Chateau d'Elne, or d'Helena, built by the Emperor Constantius, between Perpignan and Port Vendres, the government has itself come forward, in a spirit of excellent taste, and has given a sufficient sum for making all necessary repairs. The walls had been undermined by cutting in too closely upon a supporting rock.—A new antiquarian work, *Les Archives Historiques du Département de l'Aisne*, by M. Melleville, is well spoken of. This district, of which Laon is the capital, is peculiarly rich in architectural remains.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Chancellor's English Medal.—On Tuesday, the gold medal given annually by the Chancellor of the University for the best English poem in heroic verse, was adjudged to E. H. Bickersteth, Trinity College. Subject:—"Cabal."

The Camden Gold Medal, given annually by the Marquis Camden for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse, was adjudged to J. L. Joy nes, scholar of King's College. Subject:—

"Domus Alburni resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivi."

And the Porson Prize being the interest of 406*l.* navy 5 per cents), for the best translation from Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, &c., was adjudged to T. Markby, scholar of Trinity College. Subject:—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, act i., from the beginning of scene 3 to the words "though none else near."

Cambridge Chronicle, 31st May.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Very Reverend John Merewether, Dean of Hereford, having fired a pamphlet-salute of twenty-four pages into Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., and treasurer to the British Archaeological Association, the aforesaid Thomas Joseph has returned the same in a salute to the Very Reverend, of the more regular number of eleven pages. These courtesies

have arisen out of the untoward split of the Association; and the flash of the guns, to a certain degree, illuminates the questions at issue between the two parties into which this flourishing and promising institution has so unfortunately been divided.

When we dipped into these pages we could not help fancying we had got into a mediæval quarrel. The Very Reverend, as in *temp. Ric. II.*, charged Thomas Joseph as having acted usurpingly, and, as it were, exclaimed:

"We seize into our hands his plate, his goods, his money!"

whilst, *per contra*, Thomas Joseph replied, "Hereford here, whom you call King (Dean), is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king" (Treasurer); and farther

"All my treasury is yet unfelt thanks."

"I am not the individual, T. J. P., whom you have assailed, but the official representative of a properly authorised body, and simply the organ of their acts." This, indeed, ought never to be lost sight of; and it does appear to us to impeach and vitiate all the personalities which have been so indecently and scurrilously levelled against Mr. Pettigrew. That the Very Reverend should have deserted the side he at first espoused, and entered into the ranks of its adversaries, is rather a curious phenomenon; for after having taken time to consider (from the 4th, 5th, and 6th of March: the middle date being that of the general meeting, and the last the date of the announcement to him that he had been elected on its committee); and having been canvassed in the most flattering style by Mr. Albert Way; the Very Reverend, on the 9th of April—about seven weeks intervening—writes: "Situated as I am, and in common honesty and faith with my friend, Mr. Albert Way, it is quite impossible that I could take office in the committee formed under the circumstances of that in which my name has been—I am well aware with the kindest intention, and to me most gratifying manifestation of consideration—enrolled. It would not require much deliberation [seven weeks] to come to this determination; but"—with all these euphonious—*ations*—"I can assure you that it has weighed very much on my mind;" in fact, apparently quite *Way-ed* it down. We repeat that this presents a rather curious phenomenon; especially when we find the Very Reverend on the 14th of April demonstrating that a continuance of divided interests must ruin the objects of the Association, and therefore "leaguings with one of the belligerents." His reasons for this are truly whimsical, and must have been addressed to a presumed Irish understanding in Mr. C. Croker, one of the secretaries; for, he says, many subscribers "are dissatisfied at the state of things, viewing their *locus standi* as most unsatisfactory, if not untenable;" and "not to advert to a thousand evils which must crowd into the anticipation of any one who dispassionately looks into the subject, must it not exclude from the support of such a divided cause very many who are now willing to assist, if unanimity could be restored, but who will shrink, and reasonably and wisely, from leaguings with either of the belligerents?" "Argyl," quoth he, "I join the opposition, like the Highlander, when canvassed in the forty-five, 'If my friends fight for Geordie, why, I'll fight for Geordie; but if my friends fight for Charlie, I will fight for Charlie, wi' a' my heart and a' my soul!'"

Having thus taken a side, the Very Reverend proceeds to offer himself as a peace-maker; and after what we have narrated, we need not add, without the effect. Immediately thereon, he

lashes himself into a higher passion, and by the 5th of May denounces the central committee, with Lord A. Conyngham at its head, as using "an usurped title, to which those with whom Mr. Pettigrew was acting had no right"—he calls that gentleman's "remarks" on his letter read at the general meeting "ungentlemanly," an epithet most difficult to reconcile with the fact of their "kindest intention" and "most gratifying manifestation of consideration" (and other -ations and botherations, April 9th)—he speaks with great dissatisfaction of this committee as "your faction"—calls for his subscription back again, and demands, in common with others similarly practised upon, to have his name withdrawn whence it was placed without his authority. In conclusion, he declines any farther communication with Mr. Pettigrew, and rushes into print, where he cuts a pretty figure. So ends the *ms.* correspondence between the "my dear sir" and "my dear Mr. Dean" of March, to the plain "Sir" of showery April and the pleasant month of May.

Some letters between Lord Albert Conyngham and the Dean re-expound the desires of the latter to bring about a reconciliation, and re-explain and repeat the singular course he had adopted to accomplish that loving consummation.

We had written this notice so far before we read the Reply of the Treasurer; of which we may say, that it is temperate in its argument, and only a little strong in language on points of self-defence against very unworthy insinuations. It goes over all the grounds of the original difference, and consequent proceedings, with which our readers are well acquainted, and puts them in a clear, unmistakeable light. "You are pleased, sir, (it goes on) to consider and to treat my conduct as deceptive, and you gratify your feelings by directing to me what, I lament to say, can only be designated as an impertinent letter to decline any communication with me. You must do me the justice to admit that I never solicited your correspondence, and that you received no letter from me beyond the official printed circular, but that of the 6th of March in acknowledgment of yours of the 4th. In this you were told of the proceedings of the General Meeting (I think you also received an account from Mr. Smith, which you do not print), and that you had been placed upon the committee. You make no reply to this communication, you make no remarks on these proceedings, you urge no objection to being on the committee, yet you are aware of the position of the affairs of the Association by the printed circulars and the protest of the thirteen seceding members, on which you now lay so much stress, and, above all, by having had transmitted to you the 'Verbatim Report.' You take, however, from the 6th of March to the 9th of April to find out that it will not be possible for you 'to take office in the committee formed.' You do not expressly say what new light had broken in upon you to induce you, at this late period, to come to this determination, unless it be the delightful bit of flattery addressed to you by Mr. Way, and copied by you into your letter to me of the 9th of April, and which, for the further gratification of your vanity, I shall here reprint: 'It was, I believe, solely in consequence of the representations which I had the gratification of submitting to you, that, in the first instance, in January 1844, you gave to our incipient effort the sanction of your name. It was the first vantage-ground gained by us—you were the first of the many eminent, by station and social position, as well as intelligence, who confided to us the influence of their names; your ex-

ample was promptly and readily followed, but I must ever remember that we are indebted to yourself for the foundation of our subsequent position.' Your letters express a desire for reconciliation, and you offer, in your own peculiar style, to endeavour to effect 'a cordial re-amalgamation of the dis severed portions.' Permit me to ask what steps you have taken to carry this measure into effect? Was it by transferring your name from the committee of the true Association to that of the seceders?

*** All proposals for reconciliation have originated with the original body, to which I belong.*** I will not dwell upon the things that have been done, the acts that have been resorted to, for they are of a nature which you would revolt at. I should be happy to say that the course since pursued has been of a more conciliatory character; such, however, has not been the case; on the contrary, with the advance of time, increase of bitterness has ensued, every kind of petty annoyance and vexatious querulousness—anonymous revilings—letters addressed to those who have become associates with us—personal applications to some, and in some instances to their relations, to urge their departure from our lists—anonymous letters, directed against officers of public institutions—whisperings against the characters of some of the members of the committee—and various other means alike repugnant to gentlemanly propriety or conduct.

"The grievous offence I have committed is, in having, in the absence and by the resignation of the president, called a general meeting, in obedience to the requisition of 162 members. I will not waste either words or time in arguing the propriety of that step—that has been done already; but I should like to know what the 162 members would think of an officer who would resist their appeal, in deference to 13 members, whose conduct had so perilled the association as to deprive it of its original president, and to have occasioned the two founders and other members of the committee to express their intention to follow the example of their chief?"

Again: "Your party professes to be the British Archaeological Association, and you put yourself forward as such, yet you have no president, no treasurer, only one honorary secretary, to whom all communications are to be sent, to whom all post-office orders are to be transmitted, and who, in short, appears to be the sole agent of your society. Your committee is, according to the abstract of your laws put forth in your advertisement, to consist of twenty-one members; but there are twenty-eight already printed, and there are also honorary members, of which you are one; and this is the way in which you respect laws. It seems to be a pleasant custom among your anonymous writers, as well as on your own part, to designate the British Archaeological Association as 'Mr. Pettigrew's Association;' and another reverend gentleman exercises his wit and sense of decorum by calling it the 'Petty Archaeological Association.' I beg to say that it is not my association. I am not entitled to such a distinction. I am merely the treasurer of the Association, as appointed in the first instance, upon the suggestion of Mr. Way, by the central committee, and afterwards elected as such by the general meeting of the members. *** I cannot, however, here but notice the infamous attempt of your neighbour, the Rev. R. Lane Freer, to fix upon me *individually* as the person refusing to refund money subscribed, and not as the treasurer and responsible officer of an institution accountable to the members

for the proper employment of the funds. It may be safe, perhaps, for a clergyman or an anonymous writer to employ such language, provided he can just steer within the line of the law; but it is not the conduct of a gentleman, and Mr. Freer is entirely undeserving of notice. The subject of the subscriptions, upon which so much has been said, is the only other topic deserving of notice in your pamphlet. This appears to have engaged your attention, not only in your pamphlet, but also in a provincial paper, the *Hereford Times*, in which Mr. Freer also displays his profound learning and Christian temper. Your name certainly does not appear in the list of those who have required a return of their money, for you never gave a donation, and the amount due for your ticket of admission to the Canterbury congress still remains unpaid. It will be sufficient to shew that all those who have subscribed to the Association have had their subscriptions properly applied. They have all been carried to the general fund, of which a particular account has always been laid upon the table at the meetings of the committee."

Mr. Pettigrew thus concludes:

"Charged with misappropriation of funds, I may perhaps be pardoned some of the expressions I have employed in this letter. I can assure you that it would have been more congenial to my nature to have addressed a dignity of the church in a different manner, and that I would gladly have avoided every harsh word; but the possessor of an honourable mind will not fail to acquit me for the strong expressions of indignation with which I repel such mean, dastardly, and villainous insinuations and assertions. I shall now close this address. I have only to remark, that I purposely abstain from imitating the example set by your party in instituting comparisons between those who have adhered to the original association and those who have seceded, or as to the number of new members on each side; I cannot, however, but observe with great satisfaction upon the number of correspondents who honour us with their communications, and prefer to devote themselves to the carrying out of the proper objects of the association rather than to indulge in vituperative remarks or useless controversy. The congress at Winchester, to be holden in the first week of August as ORIGINALLY ANNOUNCED, and under the presidency of the Lord Albert Conyngham and a very numerous committee, will display the resources of the association, and prove how futile have been the endeavours of those who have exerted themselves to destroy a most useful institution."

Upon this we shall offer no farther comment. Some members of the association purpose, we believe, to attend both the meetings at Winchester; a considerable number have signified their intention to attend that first appointed, at which Lord A. Conyngham is to preside; and a considerable number, we have no doubt, will meet the distinguished persons advertised (see *last Lit. Gaz.*) as the patrons and adherents of the party of Mr. Way. Unfortunately a great number of warm archaeologists will attend neither; thinking that the cause has been knocked off the head, or saying (with Troilus and Cressida),

"My fear is this—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss."

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 27th inst., Dr. J. Lee in the chair, letters were read from Dr. Thomson giving the most encouraging accounts of the progress of the Medical Aid Association in

Syria, as also from the Rev. J. Wolff highly flattering to Dr. Thomson, who is said to have sometimes as many as 3000 patients at once.

Mr. Ainsworth read a memoir on certain Oriental grottoes mythologically considered, in which, after briefly noticing the natural history of limestone caves, he quoted Homer's description of the grotto of Ithaca, as illustrating their usual scenery. The fable of Marasyas was then considered, and the theory combated which derives the flaying of the musician from the wine-skins used by the Hellenists, and which he attributed to a stalagmitic web, or skin-like deposit existing in the sound-emitting caves of Marasyas, at the source of the river of the same name in Lydia. Another example was taken from Müller's explanation of the legend of Hermes, as applied to the cave called the grotto of Nestor in the second No. of the great work of the French scientific expedition into the Morea, but which is, in reality, the grotto of Hermes at Pylus, and which is further a stalactitic grotto, in which the forms and images of the hides of the oxen are still preserved, as if spread out on the surface of the rock.

Remarks were then read by Mr. Clarkson of Cambridge, on the tombs of Bani Hásán in Egypt, in which that gentleman advocates the explanation given of the celebrated tableau found at those tombs being illustrative of the arrival of Joseph's brethren, and of their reception by their brother. Messrs. Cullimore and Bonomi were not inclined to object to this view of the subject. Mr. C. said they decidedly belonged to the age of bondage, which lasted from about 1744 B.C. to 1451 B.C.

Mr. Sharpe read a communication on the Hamairitic inscriptions, in which that gentleman advocated the correctness of Mr. Forster's mode of deciphering; but from the presence of Greek as well as Ethiopic letters, referred them to the Christian era, and as being subsequent to Abyssinian and Muhammadan conquest, or about 640 A.D. This modern age of the inscription he considered to be further evidenced by the origin of the word *SKNU*, used for Serica, and of the Arabic word *Kasr*, which he supposed to be corrupted from Caesar. The frequent repetition of the same words in the inscriptions as compared with the poem of Al Kazvini, lend, according to Mr. Sharpe, all the force of mathematical demonstration to Mr. Forster's views. Mr. Cullimore objected that the so-called Greek letters had, even according to Mr. Forster himself, a force different to what they possessed in the Greek language, and argued at length in favour of the views entertained by Profs. Gesenius, Riediger, and himself.

Several donations were presented, and a brief account read of Mr. Bonomi's beautiful medalion of the Queen, on which the bust, and on the reverse Britannia and Victory, are engraved in the old Egyptian style called *incavo relievo*; and by which mode alone the likeness could be perpetuated for three thousand years or more.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 276. "Taking the Veil," &c., by N. J. Crowley.—Portraits of Archbishop Murray, Mrs. Aikenhead, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in England and Ireland, and two sons of Col. Southwell, as engaged in the religious ceremony alluded to. The archbishop is a fine dignified and fresh-looking personage—the lady interesting, and the two boys engaging; but the whole is deficient in repose, and appears more like a gay than a solemn act. When mellowed by time the tone of the picture will be more congenial to the subject.

No. 326. "Portrait of W. Forbes, M.P." T. M. Joy.—There is a good deal of merit in parts of this, as in others of the artist's contributions this year; but he has disposed the limbs most awkwardly for any M.P. that was ever called upon by Mr. Speaker to stand on his legs.

No. 334. "The First Love of Napoleon Buonaparte." C. Lucy.—A fancy piece, in which the *sons* Lieutenant of 1786 is making love to a pretty soubrette, Mlle. Colombier, and eating cherry-ripenes with her. It is naïve enough; and a pleasant reminiscence of a life not always employed in so innocent a manner.

No. 338. "St. Gregory the Great teaching the Roman boys to sing the chant which has received his name." J. R. Herbert, A.—St. Gregory is here playing the Hullah to a choir of boys, all of whom are open-mouthed, and apparently not sparing their lungs. The saint is well painted, and with a fine earnest expression: but we cannot like the uniformity of the children; nor do we much admire the two shadowy monks, attendant ghost-like, behind the chair of the teacher.

No. 339. "Hannah presenting Samuel to Eli." R. S. Lauder.—Though not in Mr. Lauder's usual style, this scripture-piece reflects much credit on his art and artistic feeling. The youthful Samuel is skilfully contrasted with the aged Eli; and the group is altogether well composed and effective.

No. 354. "The Shepherdess." W. Gush.—Of the school of Eastlake, or the Roman transmitted through that able and learned artist, Mr. Gush shews himself in this idea of Rachel to be one of his very promising followers.

No. 362. "The Four Ages." F. R. Pickersgill.—A meritorious subject, and treated in a most agreeable style. The four ages, embodying infancy, youth, middle-life, and old, are happily conceived and varied. The tone of colour is suitable and good; and the general contour and expression of the figures gratifying to the eye.

No. 366. "Jews lamenting over the Ruins of Jerusalem." M. Claxton.—From the Lamentations of Jeremiah: the elders and daughters of Zion, in postures of grief and despair, bewailing the destruction of their holy city. There is considerable effect and contrast in the figures, and the whole are sufficiently impassioned to convey an adequate sense of their wounded feelings and forlorn condition. The images of ruin on the left distance are well thrown in; but is not the pagan altar near the foreground in the centre an anachronism?

No. 377. "The Three Ages." Miss Clara Cawae.—A very pretty subject, and very neatly handled.

No. 389. "Viscount Sandon, M.P." T. H. Illidge.—A good whole-length portrait of this benevolent and patriotic nobleman. Another excellent likeness of "Andrew Robertson" (No. 280) is equally creditable to the talents of the painter.

No. 428. "Portrait of the Earl of Malmesbury." J. G. Middleton.—We mistook this for a Hamlet, in his sable and murky cloak; but it is nevertheless a well posed and clever whole-length of the noble personage whose name it bears.

No. 429. "Landscape." Lord Haddo H.—The young lord has herein proved the inheritance of his father's classic taste and love of art; and still further that he not only possesses a sound judgment, but is competent in practice to display as well as appreciate the natural and beautiful. The landscape would not disgrace a hand eminent in the profession.

No. 451. "Portrait of a Young Lady." J. Lilley.—Though hung aloft, the merits of this portrait cannot fail to strike the sight: it might have been placed near Mr. F. Grant's "Miss Singleton" (228), without injury to the reputation of Mr. Lilley. No. 1209. "Portrait of Mr. W. J. Fox," by the same, is still worse located in the architecture-room; which is hardly just towards a young artist who has painted so many admired public pictures.

No. 460. "The Judgment of Adam and Eve." J. Martin.—A grand expanse of earthly space and sky, in Mr. Martin's own well-known style: the trees of the garden sombre to the extent of gloom, and the far horizon crimson subdued with brown. In the foreground are the white minute figures of the first pair—certainly not hid according to the verse quoted from Genesis, but rather pressed like spots upon the vision. As heretofore, Mr. M. relies upon the solemnity of his scenery; and we are aware how much it has captivated the world.

No. 464. "The Earl of Ilchester." J. Linnell.—The best seen of four good portraits in the gallery from the same easel. It is a firm and ably-executed piece.

No. 465. "A Road through the Forest." J. Stark; 483, "Milking-time;" and 803, "A Mountain-stream." All sweet specimens of the artist, whose nature shines in every subject he transfers to his canvass. The first and last are charming landscapes; and in "Milking-time," where the cattle predominate, he displays a similar facility and truth in that branch of art.

No. 466. "An Italian Kitchen." W. Maddox.—And a real curiosity it is. The cooks are a curious set; the provisions (such a load of all kinds!) are curious; the details are all curious; and the *ensemble* is the most curious of all. No. 633, "Objects of Vertu," by the same, shews also skilful manipulation, and is rich in effect.

No. 471. "Maréchal, Duc de Biron; a scene from French history." G. Lance.—One of the finest historical pictures of the year; replete with appropriate action and expression, and painted in a glowing manner. The Maréchal is at once noble and graceful; and the gentle pleading of his beautiful sister, the Countess de Roussy, contrasts sweetly with his energy of purpose.

No. 475. "Robinson Crusoe." A. Fraser.—The immortal navigator, whose course the Dutch skipper could not make out on the map, has, notwithstanding, been followed to the interior of his island by Mr. Fraser. Here he sits, "monarch of all he surveys," and surrounded by his animal companions and subjects, seemingly very contented with their sovereign ruler. It is a clever scene—one of those familiar creations one is never tired of looking at.

No. 487. "The young Squire's Wedding." T. F. Marshall.—A pleasing reflection of such a scene as it was some century ago. It is full of love and domesticity, gaily costumed, and all the faces bearing so strong a family-resem-

blance that we cannot doubt the squire married his cousin, and all the other parties are near blood-relations.

No. 489. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." F. Stone. 539. "Scene from Hamlet." *Idem*.—The first is a delicious, sparkling gem. She cannot resist taking that first step—it is her fate, her destiny. And then will the persuader look so simply earnest and entreating? It is to be hoped he will; and that with so pretty and lively a creature life will be but one long honeymoon. The crisp touches of the pencil, and the management of the colouring, are equally gratifying to taste. The Ophelia is, on the other hand, of a touching character, and does not depart much from the received stage impersonation. It is, however, a sweetly painted picture.

No. 497. "The Bay and Castle of Baïæ," &c. W. Linton.—A capacious, sunny, bright, and classical Italian scene; painted with the justly admired genius of an artist whose studies in that clime have made him master of all its aspects. The picturesque distance bathed in light is full of pictorial forms—the temple of Venus, Pozzuoli, Vesuvius, and the Sorrento chain of mountains—whilst the foreground glitters with the limpid water, and melts sweetly into the middle objects.

No. 498. "The Village Pastor." W. P. Frith.—From the *Deserted Village*; and a pleasing representation of his flock, both old and young, hanging on the smile of this estimable religious guide. There is, we think, however, a little too much of French character for the inhabitants of an English village.

No. 522. "Females at a Fountain." J. G. Gilbert.—Belongs to a pure and high school, and is studied on excellent models. The atmosphere is brilliant; and the females, except that the draping of several of them is rather too straight and rigid, are excellently portrayed, and their garments unexceptionable in colour.

No. 523. "The arrest of William Tell," &c. W. Simson.—A stirring picture of the famous story in Swiss annals: it is, perhaps, too dramatic; but still a clever work.

No. 528. Going to Pasture." T. S. Cooper.—An admirable cattle-piece.

No. 529. "The Mountain Pass." J. D. Harding.—A no less charming landscape.

No. 540. "The United Service." A. Morton.—Portraits of veterans from Chelsea and Greenwich, arranged in groups of an interesting character, and executed with the usual fidelity of Mr. Morton. The deaf pensioner is so true to nature, that it is almost painful to look upon his infirmity; but altogether this perfect admixture of blue-jackets and red-coats is quite a national design, and the artist not undeserving of a nation's patronage.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

SEVERAL meetings of this society have lately been devoted to inquiries and illustrations of the properties of various kinds of timber, with microscopical examinations of their structure, and the effects produced on them by Paynising.—On Wednesday, 28th May, a general consideration of "Geometrical figures as the foundation of graceful outline," was commenced; and although this may not be strictly true as a theorem, it afforded an opportunity for the recognition and development of some of the leading principles by which the best works of ornament are regulated. The varying elements of form peculiar to different epochs were noticed and explained. It was considered that the importance of the subject rendered it deserving

of continued attention, and it was therefore determined that it should be brought before the society monthly until further notice.—On Wednesday, June 11th, a paper will be read "On stained glass;" and at the meeting on the 25th, the consideration of "Geometrical figures" will be resumed, by discussing "The properties of the oval."

The Pencil of Nature. By H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. No. III. Longmans.

THIS is a charming No., wonderfully fine in colour, and curious in the distribution of light and shadow. The Entrance-Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford, appears to us to be a perfect study for the architectural artist. Examined, as recommended by Mr. Talbot, with a magnifying glass, it is quite a photographic wonder and memorial of realities. The Ladder, with three human figures, displays a similar power over movable objects when they can be still for only two or three seconds. Well might the writer ask, "What would be the value to our English nobility of such a record of their ancestors who lived a century ago? On how small a portion of their family picture-galleries can they really rely with confidence!" Well, after this, the "tenth transmitters" may be better able to trace the original features of their progenitors, and see whether they have improved or declined in intellect or loveliness. Laycock Abbey (Mr. Talbot's seat in Wilts), and its shadow reflected in the waters of the Avon, is the third and last good specimen of the art-natural. Differing entirely from the other two, it completes as it were a trio-series of building, living subject, and landscape, each in its kind beautifully and faithfully illustrating the value of Mr. Talbot's most interesting process.

Picture Sale.—Above 150 pictures, the collection of Mr. Wright, author of the Life of Wilson the landscape-painter, come under the hammer of Messrs. Christie and Manson to-day, and there are, we should say, a majority well worth the attention of the amateur, and some of a very high order of merit. Among the latter it is delightful to us to acknowledge the claim of our native school, which thus placed side by side with the best masters of Italy and Holland, has nothing to fear from the comparison. There is a Claude glowing sweetly through its grey-tinted glow of atmosphere; but there are close to it and near the productions of Wilson, which shew how justly he was called "The English Claude!" There are the same mellow tone and the same natural air which tempers it from pure sunshine into chastened light: there is one piece of a darker character, in which the cold blue of the sky and the sombre umbrage of the trees are not only opposed in the specimen itself with admirable effect, but the whole forms a striking contrast with the other landscapes of this charming painter. Then there are two portraits by Vanderhelst—truth itself; but there are several by Reynolds, and one in particular, Admiral Keppel, not inferior to his Lord Heathfield. It is indeed a wonderful work of portrait art, great in solidity and colour, and possessing all the best qualities of the artist. It might be hung by the side of Govertius. Of his other pictures there is the famous St. Cecilia, Mrs. Billington, a countenance of surpassing beauty; the surrounding choir of angels, we suspect, scarcely finished, but altogether a noble composition. His Laughing Girl is there too; and others of hardly less attractions. There is a small upright Ruysdael, a perfect gem; but opposite to it there is

a Gainsborough of equal merit. There are classic Poussins, a so-called Titian landscape, and others, both in that line of art, and of nymphs bathing and poetical images realised on canvass; but there is also a Turner, before chrome and ultra-marine "possessed him wholly," and a charming example of his powers and harmony; and there are Ettys, one of nymphs and water, about the richest and most delicious group his fancy ever imagined, or his pencil ever portrayed. His other, Venus and Mars, is not so much to our liking; but we have said enough, and without straining a single point, to shew that even where the *chefs-d'œuvres* of such immortals as we have named are got together (and Raphaels, Correggios, &c., are mingled with them) the Worthies of England can stand the test, and assert as fair and full a right to everlasting fame. We do not pronounce an opinion upon the Raphael Holy Family, and still less upon *il Notte* of Correggio; yet there is a small Rubens, replete with his excellences, a cool refreshing Laocret, a curiously characteristic A. del Sarto, and a score or two of other celebrated hands, which ought not to be passed in silence by us, nor unseen by connoisseurs.

THE DRAMA.

The French Plays.—The tide of public favour has continued to run so strongly towards these highly patronised amusements, that we have deemed it unnecessary to intrude further observations upon our limited space, upon which latterly we have had such pressing demands. But we cannot forbear longer testifying our admiration of, and congratulating the lessee upon the success that has crowned, his unwearied exertions thus far in the season. Ravel's engagement was a blaze of triumph; whilst Regnier and Plessy have continued the flame which exhausted itself on the evening of Friday week. Plessy's benefit on Wednesday proved the high esteem her talents and amiable deportment have gained for her in this country; and she again flattered our national vanity by presenting to us, for the third time at her benefits, in the English language, her pleasing delineation of *Lady Elizabeth Truelove in A Day after the Wedding*, aided by Cooper and some other English actors. Since then Achard, who made so great an impression last season, has reappeared, and achieved fresh laurels.

Adelphi.—On Monday *Poor Jack*, which had been revived for the benefit of one of the most deserving of public favourites, Mrs. Yates, was brought forward as a stock piece, and again received with bursts of applause. O. Smith, the unrivalled stage tar, was never more effective; and his feelingly-expressed allusions to the late Mr. Yates caused a deep sensation in the whole audience, which was increased by the gentle presence and affecting demeanour of his widow.

Hanover-Square Rooms.—Two concerts were given here on Tuesday, the one in the morning by Leopold de Meyer, and that in the evening by Miss Dolby. In both the performances of the principals were the chief attractions, although the programmes were rich in talent and taste. Leopold de Meyer was listened to with excessive delight in his fantasia on "L'Elisir d'Amore," in the "Carnaval de Venise," and in the "Marche d'Isly." To enthusiastic encores he substituted for the former two, his capital "Air Russe," and the "Marche Marocaine." Miss Dolby, one of the most successful of our English singers, did not in the least spare her exertions: Italian, German, and

ballad music this charming vocalist gave admirably, and was rewarded with general applause and several encores.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAW-CLERK'S DITTY.*

WRITE! write! write!
Here's materials, here's paper and pen,
Red ink and black, and parchment white:
Indite ye the deeds of men.
All ready-writers are here—
Two farthings a sheet for our pay;
While all our pains are our master's gains,
As we scribble both night and day.
Write! write! write!
Draw out the long statement and case;
From ill-scratched draft your task indite,
Be it 'settlement,' 'mortgage,' or 'lease.'
The apprentice's pol-hooks transcribe,
And pleader's 'hangers' cram;
But no mistake or erasure make
As you quill-drive by midnight lamp.

Write! write! write!
As fast as your fingers can move:
The impatient suitor burns to fight,
The bridegroom burns with love;
The creditor longs for his prey,
The debtor to frustrate his toils;—
Each page enlarges the lawyer's charges—
Few and small are the poor clerk's spoils.

Write! write! write!
The "monster-indictment" engross,
To bring the conspirators' treason to light,
Concocted all "under the rose,"
Let the prisoners' briefs be despatched,
For the morrow their trials are fixed,
And the lives of men may depend on your pen—
Let yours, and not theirs, be risked.

Write! write! write!
For the lawyers are sometimes in haste,
And words can scarce catch our pens in flight
As they glide o'er the paper's waste.
The strained eyeballs and giddy brain
Unheeded, they dictate the plea,
While a halfpenny per sheet is deemed payment meet
For our labours both night and day.

Write! write! write!
Though tired nature recoils from the task,
And hands grow stiff, and head is light,
Yet no respite from toil we ask;
For a sickly wife and starving babes
Are gasping for daily bread,
As with all our pains we have hardly the means
To find them in food and bed!

Write! write! write!
Amidst presses, and desks, and stools,
And alphabets ranged, and tin-boxes bright,
Red tape, Indian-rubber, and rules;
Musty writs and ejectment forms,
Dusty drafts of old bonds and indentures,
With cancelled wills, and bundles of quills,
And records of *timid* adventures.

Write! write! write!
But the hand lets fall the pen!
The paper looks red, and the ink seems white,
As we gaze on the deeds of men!
Oh! the stoker complains of warm work,
The "labourer's lay" excites pity;
But these, and the wrong in the shirt-maker's song,
Are light when compared with our ditty.

Attorneys! lawyers! scribes!
Your coffers we help to fill.
By fees so large, they look like bribes—
Oh, pity poor knights of the quill!
Remember we scribes are men;
From our hardships avert not your face,
Or no work we need, and we ask no deed,
But that Heaven may grant a release!

Dublin.

J. R.

VARIETIES.

Archæological Conversazione.—The first of a series of evening meetings of the members of the British Archæological Association took place at Mr. Pettigrew's (the treasurer) on Wednesday evening; and was numerously at-

* Of the numerous imitations to which Hood's celebrated Song of a Shirt has given rise, we consider the present to be one of the most successful, and the more deserving of attention, as it describes very faithfully and graphically the sufferings of a numerous class, almost equally to be pitied with the unfortunate needlewomen.—Ed. L. G.

† Crim.-con. Actions.

tended by gentlemen distinguished in literature and the fine arts. On the tables were many objects of antiquity and vertu; and the walls were hung with rubbings of remarkable brasses, executed in a striking manner, and minutely representing their most elaborate parts. There were also drawings, among which were sketches of British urns, and other remains, dug up a few days ago, in excavations in the celebrated Arbor Low, in the Peak of Derby, made by Mr. T. Bateman and other members of the association, who have signified their intention to lay the results before the meeting at Winchester in August.

Sir J. Rennie's second conversazione as President of the Civil Engineers was equally brilliant as the first, and crowded by persons of all ranks who make the best society of the metropolis. The mixture of high name and station with parties who have raised themselves to notice by the successful pursuit of arts, science, and literature, is always the most instructive and gratifying which this mighty city can afford.

The British and Foreign Institute held its second annual meeting on Saturday, and was very numerously attended by members, including many noblemen, members of parliament, and other distinguished individuals. The report of its progress during the past year shewed a surplus balance of income over the expenditure amounting to about 5*l*.; whilst the assets in property, valued at 5000*l*. and 3600*l*. in government securities, were only burdened with a loan of 2000*l*. Congratulatory resolutions were passed; and in consequence of there being no fund out of which the valuable services of Mr. Buckingham could be required, it was agreed upon to present that gentleman with a substantial testimonial from the general body of the institute.

Society of Arts.—On Monday Prince Albert again presided over the distribution of the annual prizes: the meeting was crowded, and the whole of the proceedings exceedingly interesting.

The Artists' Fund on Saturday was presided over by its warm friend Mr. B. B. Cabell, in the absence of the Earl of Lincoln, prevented from attending by indisposition. About 90 sat down to dinner, and the pleasures and business of the anniversary were passed through in a spirited and gratifying manner; the subscription reached above 500*l*., and it was stated that the Artists' Annuity Fund, of about 300 members (all artists of acknowledged merit), though liberally supported, had been induced to exceed their income by 200*l*., in consequence of prevailing distress among widows and orphans. Let us hope that public feeling will soon more than replace it.

The Grand Choral Concert on Wednesday went off with éclat, and no wonder, when between two and three thousand throats were opened to carry it through.

Correggio's Frescos, Parma.—The copies of these far-famed frescos, and others of Parmegiano, by the Chevalier Toschi, exhibited, within the last few days, at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's, are splendid performances, and afford a fine idea of both these great masters in the highest efforts of their genius. In the Correggio the divine expression of countenances, the disposition of human limbs in every posture, yet all of grace and beauty, the fertility of invention, the life-like softness of the flesh, and, in short, the exhibition of every power and loveliness of painting, are beyond the meaning of language to describe or measure.

Syria.—The latest accounts from Syria draw

the most dreadful picture of the utter devastation of the mountain country of Syria, the consequence of an exterminating war which rages between the Maronites and Druses.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Greece, by C. Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's, new edit. 8 vols. 8vo, Vol. 1, 1*2s*.—The Female Disciple of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Era: her Trials and her Mission, by Mrs. H. Smith, fcp. 8vo, 6*s*.—Some Observations on Organic Alterations of the Heart, by S. S. Allison, M.D., fcp. 2*s*. 6*d*.—Transactions of the Entomological Society of London, Vol. IV, Part 1, 8vo, 6*s*.—Three Lectures of National Education, by George Waddington, D.D., Dean of Durham, 2*s*. 6*d*.—The Disputed Inheritance, by Grace Webster, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*1* 1*2s*. 6*d*.—Residence at the Court of London, by R. Rush, 2d series, 2 vols. 8vo, 2*4s*.—The Times of Daniel, by George, Duke of Manchester, 8vo, 1*s*.—The Annals of the English Bible, by C. Anderson, 2 vols. 8vo, 3*s*.—Noble Deeds of Women, by Elizabeth Starling, 2d edit. 12mo, 5*s*.—The Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cheltenham, by R. I. Murchison, new edit. 8vo, 8*s*. 6*d*.—Ireland and her Agitators, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, post 8vo, 6*s*.—The Glory of the Redeemer, by O. Winslow, 3d edit. 8vo, 7*s*.—Rham's Dictionary of the Farm, 3d edit., with Supplement, 8vo, 9*s*. 6*d*.—Guide to Photography, by J. H. Thornthwaite, 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.—Practical Sermons by Dignitaries and other Clergymen of the Church of England, Vol. 1, 8vo, 7*s*.—Spain, Tangier, &c., visited in 1840 and 1841, by X. Y. Z., post 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*.—Journal of the Bishop of Montreal during a Visit to the North-West American Mission, fcp. 4*s*.—Practical Notes on Insanity, by J. B. Steward, M.D., post 8vo, 4*s*.—On Cataract, and its appropriate Treatment, by G. Guthrie, 8vo, 2*s*.—Lectures to the Working Classes, by W. J. Fox, Vol. 1, 12mo, 5*s*. 6*d*.—A Catechism of Things in Common Use, by E. E. Willement, square, 3*s*.—Elementary Grammar of the German Language, by H. Apel, Part 1, 12mo, 7*s*. 6*d*.—System of English Grammar, by C. W. Connor, 12mo, 2*s*. 6*d*.—Fall of Napoleon: an Historical Memoir, by Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, 3 vols. post 8vo, 2*7s*.—The Philosophical and Aesthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller, translated by J. Weiss, post 8vo, 7*s*. 6*d*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Errata.—We have to apologise for the word *talented* having appeared in our last number, line 5 from the conclusion of review of *Round Towers*, without being marked as it always is when used by us, thus, "talented."—The notice of Mr. Hackett's *Malles*, p. 348, was accidentally placed under the head of "*Adaphi*," instead of having "*Haymarket*" placed before it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Last Appearance of the Danseuses Viennaises.—This Evening, June 7, will be performed (for the first time this season), Donizetti's Opera, entitled "Lucrina Borgia." Lucrina, Made. Grit; and Grani, Madlle. Bramilla; Alphonse, sig. Lablache; Gubetta, sig. Fulton; and Gennaro, sig. Moriani.

Between the Acts, the Danseuses Viennaises (under the direction of Made. Weiss) will appear, for the first time, in the Polka, the Pot Oriental, and the New Divertissement, entitled "Pot Pourri," comprising a resume of the following of their admired Dances:—Hornpipe by Mlles. Rock and Weber—Schweitzer Tane by Mlles. Pranger and Henckel—Tarentelle by Mlles. Korarius and Sornipie by Mlles. Florianschutz (sisters)—Cracovienne by Mlles. Mina and Werner—Mazur by sixteen—Lizertana by Mlles. Rock and Weber—Polonaise by Mlles. Pranger and Henckel—Polka by four—Horseshoe by Mlles. Florianschutz (sisters)—Taleo de Xeres by Sperl and Franz Weiss—Coda by all the Danseuses Viennaises.

To conclude with the three principal tableaux of the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "La Esmeralda." La Esmeralda, Mlle. Carlotta Grisi; Phoebus, M. de Chateaufort, M. de la Cour; Pierre Gringoire, M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-seats, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the performance will commence at half-past seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an Extra Night (not included in the subscription) on THURSDAY next, June 12, when will be presented, for the last time this season, Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Made. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Made. Rita Bortol; and Zerlina, Made. Anaida Castellan; Don Giovanni, Signor Formasi; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario; Il Commendatore, Signor Botelli; Masetto, Signor F. Lablache; and Leporello, Signor Lablache.

After which, by general desire, will be repeated once more, and for the last time, the divertissement of "Un Bal sous Louis XIV.," in which Mlle. Lucie Grain will appear as a cavalier of the court of Louis XIV., and will dance, with Mlle. Cerito, in costume of the same court, the celebrated Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte.

In the course of the evening, Signor Mortani will appear in a selection from Mercedante's Opera, "Elemi di Felice." With various entertainments in the Ballet department, including a selection from the Ballet of "Eoline," and comprising the celebrated Dryade Scene, Eoline, Madlle. Lucie Grain. Also a selection from the Ballet of "La Fille du Diable," Madlle. Carlotta Grisi. And a selection from the new Ballet, "Roldia," on, les Mines de Syracuse, Roldia, Madlle. Cerito.

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